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JULY 23, 1982

Ian McLaughlin on THE ACCESSION OF SHULTZ —see page 882

NATIONAL REVIEW

THE LESSON OF THE FALKLANDS

A British Historian's Meditations

ALISTAIR HORNE

A Military–Technological Analysis

DAMIAN HOUSMAN

Colonel Blimp's a Jolly Good Fellow

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

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TV and the Oil Crises

There's no disputing the power and influence of TV. It's the main source of news for nearly two-thirds of the public. Americans regard it by far as the most believable of the news media.

Given its influence on people, it's fitting that TV should come under scrutiny for its news coverage of a major public policy issue of the past decade: the oil crises of 1973-74 and 1978-79. The dissection has been done by a research organization in Washington known as the Media Institute. With the help of computers, its researchers analyzed the three networks' coverage of the oil crises as reflected in 1,462 stories totaling 39½ hours of air time.

One finding stands out: TV failed to give the viewing public sufficient information to make informed judgements about the crises.

The networks relied excessively on the government for information. They didn't adequately present the economic dimensions of the crises. They gave scant heed to possible solutions through the mechanisms of the marketplace.

As a result, the Media Institute says, the public got a distorted view in which only certain solutions became the focus of discussion. In effect, the debate was limited. It excluded much of what economists and outside energy specialists were saying about solutions through market-directed measures. TV viewers were "led to believe that half the picture was in fact the whole picture," the Institute notes.

In TV's coverage of the two oil crises, the government was the largest single source of information—56%. Outside experts were the source only 2% of the time. To talk about solutions, the networks turned to government sources 77% of the time. The oil industry was called on to discuss solutions only 9% of the time.

Little wonder that non-market solutions—rationing, regulation, price controls—received three times the coverage that market solutions did.

The Media Institute asserts that its findings "place a burden on the networks to explain why the government's role in causing and prolonging the oil crises received such little coverage, and why deregulation and price decontrol were given such little attention as a solution."

Since oil crunch days, America's energy picture has improved markedly, thanks in large part to the government's easing of restraints on the forces of the marketplace...the very factors that TV slighted in its news coverage.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

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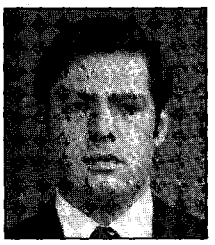

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A number of lessons can be drawn from the Falklands war, not all of them military. Mrs. Thatcher has turned out to be a brilliant war leader, willing to resist aggression, and the (professional) British troops performed superbly. But the issue of the Falklands remains to be settled. *Alistair Horne*

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Letters

A One-Two Punch

While Yale Brozen ["Government and the Rich," July 9] may be correct that a) sharply reducing tax rates can produce economic growth and b) social-welfare spending atrophies work incentives, Ronald Reagan (with Brozen's support) should not have tried to rectify both simultaneously. The prudent policy would be to generate growth first, and *then* expect the impoverished to find jobs. To cut aid and force healthy people into the workforce is entirely just in a healthy economy—but it is foolish during a severe recession.

Samuel P. Lewis
Far Rockaway, N.Y.

A Teacher Scolds

Jack Kemp deserves much credit for his longtime campaign to reduce tax rates and his consistent opposition this past year to "solving" deficits by raising taxes. Unfortunately, he depreciates that credit and undermines his credibility by his remarks on money in "Talking Back to the Skeptics" [June 11].

1. Kemp sows confusion by describing current Federal Reserve policy as "monetarist." I have long regarded myself as a monetarist, and I believe that I am not alone in doing so. Yet I have been sharply critical of Federal Reserve policy both before and after October 5, 1979, when the Fed adopted the policy Kemp describes as monetarist (including incidentally at the same Federal Reserve conference at which Kemp gave the talk on which his NATIONAL REVIEW article was based).

My criticism is not either hindsight or sour grapes. In a *Newsweek* column of October 22, 1979, discussing the Fed's announced change in policy, I wrote, "I hope this time will be different—but remain skeptical until performance matches pronouncements," and in later columns in *Newsweek* and in articles elsewhere, I demonstrated that the skepticism was fully justified. The Fed uses monetarist rhetoric while pursuing a non-monetarist policy.

2. Kemp falls into the common fallacy of confusing the nominal quantity of money (number of dollars) with the real quantity of money (the amount of goods that *the money stock can command*). The monetary authorities can and do determine the nominal quantity of money; the holders of money can and do determine the real quantity of money.

3. Kemp contradicts himself by saying, correctly, that monetarists believe "that some rule ought to govern monetary policy" and then, incorrectly, that "monetarists advocate regulating spending through Federal Reserve open-market operations." The major purpose of the rule that I have long advocated (a fixed and moderate rate of growth of the money supply) is to prevent the Federal Reserve from seeking to fine-tune spending and in the process destabilizing the economy—as they have been doing to an extreme degree in the past two and a half years.

4. Kemp has a romanticized view of the operation of the gold standard in its heyday. It did not provide economic stability or price-level stability even under favorable conditions, when government was spending less than 10 per cent of the national income. It surely would not do so today, when governments at all levels in the United States are spending over 40 per cent of the national income. Inflation in World War I, for example, was as large under a gold standard as in the Civil War under a greenback standard. The Great Contraction from 1929 to 1933 under a gold standard was far worse than the long Contraction from 1873 to 1879 under a greenback standard.

5. In any event, Kemp does not favor a real gold standard. He favors what I dubbed a pseudo-gold standard more than twenty years ago—a policy of government price-fixing for gold. In my view, such a pseudo-gold standard is worse than either extreme—a real gold standard or a purely fiduciary money.

Jack Kemp and I have been on the same side so often that I regret having to differ with him so sharply on money. But his very eminence as a supporter of a free society makes it all the more important to point out that in this area he is indeed, as he says, "no expert" and has been led to promulgate erroneous views and to foster measures that would greatly endanger the free society that we both wish to strengthen.

Milton Friedman
San Francisco, Calif.

A Student Sallies

Professor Friedman's letter helps explain how he can blame the Federal Reserve's technical bumbling, when the problem is really the policy he wants it to follow.

1. Professor Friedman has indeed been critical of Federal Reserve policy. But he keeps changing his mind about what is wrong with it. First the Fed was supposed to target the long-run growth of M2, then the week-by-week growth of the monetary base, and most recently, the ten-week blips of M1. Because the three aggregates have moved ever more independently since the breakdown of Bretton Woods, there

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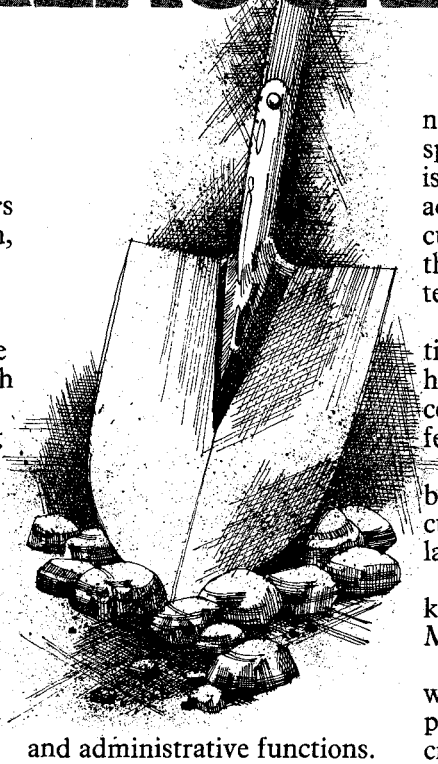

Accomplishing the mission of a federal agency is like digging a ditch.

By analogy, ditch diggers perform the "program" function, directly contributing to completing the mission—that is, digging the ditch. Those who bring them shovels perform the "administrative" function which assists the program function.

If one person is digging the ditch and 10 are bringing shovels, then there is identifiable administrative waste. In fact, even if 10 dig and 5 bring shovels there is still administrative waste.

Obviously, the most efficient means to accomplish the mission of digging the ditch would be for the administrative people to help dig during periods when no one needs a new shovel.

The same is true with federal agencies.

Each agency has a mission. If it is determined that the mission is worthwhile and deserves to be accomplished, then a critical examination should be made of the program and administrative functions.

If the administrative side is top-heavy, like most federal agencies, something should be done to get those individuals down in the metaphorical ditch with the program people.

There is discussion now of cutting approximately 150,000 federal jobs by fiscal 1987. The problem is: the nuts and bolts decision of who specifically gets cut is an administrative one. Are we to assume administrative bureaucrats will cut their own jobs or jobs of those beneath them whose existence justifies their own?

This suggests an explanation why politicians historically have found it so difficult to control and pare the burgeoning federal bureaucracy.

The administrative bureaucrats cut—or threaten to cut—the programs first, particularly the most visible programs.

This phenomenon is known as "The Washington Monument Ploy."

That is, if the politicians want to cut the budget of the parks department, the bureaucrats react by threatening to close the Washington Monument to visitors.

What should be done is cut the administrative waste first. And get the administrative bureaucrats contributing directly to the accomplishment of the agency's mission.

In other words, get *them* digging the ditch.

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will always be some grounds for Professor Friedman's skepticism. What is striking is his conviction that in *every* country which has tried to follow his advice, the monetary authorities have used monetarist rhetoric while pursuing a non-monetarist policy.

2. Here's the reason. My article restated the classical liberal view that individuals in the market, not the Federal Reserve, determine what they will use as money. If so, the Fed cannot determine even the nominal quantity of what people actually use as money. Professor Friedman's denial of this view explains his remarkable faith in the government's ability to control the money supply.

3. Professor Friedman did not object in Atlanta when David Meiselman stated, "According to the Quantity Theory of Money, the stock of money determines aggregate spending." Webster's dictionary has always led me to believe that "to regulate" means "to govern or direct according to rule."

4. As Professor Friedman's examples demonstrate, most of the horror stories used against gold have nothing to do with gold. For example, in his *Monetary History of the United States*, Professor Friedman writes that the Federal Reserve caused the Great Depression by "contracting the money supply when the gold-standard rules called for expansion."

5. Professor Friedman's "price-fixing" argument relies on his assumption that the government determines what is money and thus gives it value. In my article I pointed out that this argument asserts that an abstract unit, the dollar, gives value to a real commodity, gold; obviously, the reverse is true.

Professor Friedman has said that a real gold standard, the only kind he could support, would be one "in which 100 per cent of the money consisted literally of gold." Such a system has not existed for many centuries, if ever in history. Taken literally, it would mean abolishing banks and prohibiting people from using any money but gold. This strikes me as unnecessary, impractical, and illiberal, since the gold standard actually only establishes the monetary standard. Professor Friedman's "real gold standard" cannot exist for the same reason that "real monetarism" has nowhere existed to his satisfaction: the market, not the government, determines what it will use as money.

In *Dollars and Deficits* (1968), Professor Friedman stated, "Many economists with whom I agree most fully about basic values—men like Ludwig von Mises, Jacques Rueff, Friedrich Hayek, Henry Simons, Lionel Robbins—do not agree with my policy positions in this area." Indeed, a majority of them disagreed with Professor Friedman on the issues I have raised. The failure of both the Keynesian and the monetarist experiments with our currency makes it not merely desirable but inevitable that we will, as I proposed, "begin a renewal of the standards of Western civilization by restoring a dollar as good as gold."

Jack Kemp
Washington, D.C.

Cato Capers

Cato's June 25 "Letter from Washington" claims that "The PLO is supported by all Palestinians, practically speaking . . . (let no one tell you otherwise)." Well, I'm telling you otherwise. Cato includes among the Palestinian "diaspora" (!) 600,000 Arab citizens of Israel, who pay taxes, who vote (mostly for the mainstream Labor Alignment), who frequently petition the government to extend to them the compulsory military service from which they are now exempt, and whose opinions, because of conditions that are singular within the Middle East, we are in a position to ascertain.

There are points of contention between Arab and Jewish Israelis, especially concerning land and water policy in the Galilee. Many, perhaps most, Israeli Arabs would like to see the creation of a Palestinian state—"but not here," they almost invariably add. Democratic government, free speech, and economic liberty are sweet, and most Israeli Arabs fear that whatever a Palestinian state would bring, it would not bring those. Right now Israel's Arabs are by and large loyal citizens.

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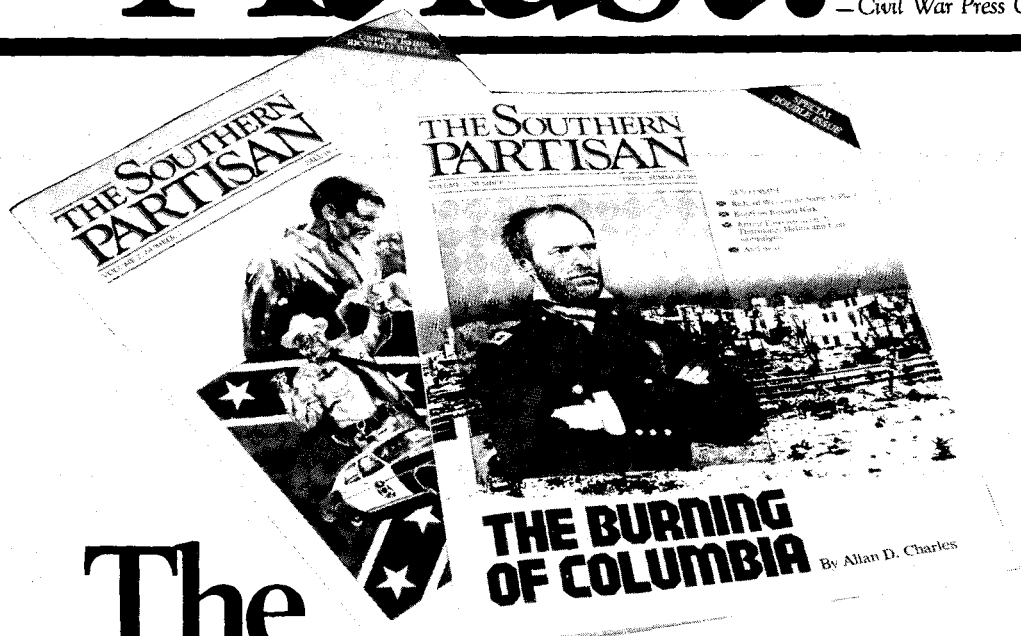

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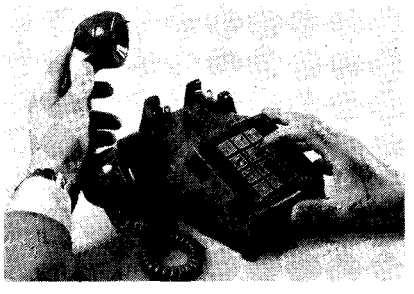

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In Jordan we do not, of course, have the benefit of reliable public-opinion polls. But is Cato capable of substantiating so broad a claim as that the majority of Jordanian citizens are disloyal to their government? I would point out that the indigenous Palestinian population of the East Bank (as distinct from refugees, among whom the PLO was based until 1971) have never exhibited disloyalty to the Hashemite regime since it was established, even in 1970-71.

Support for the PLO is quite strong on the West Bank, but it has never been absolute. Recall the resolution passed by a conference of West Bank leaders in 1948 in Jericho: "The Conference sees Palestine [i.e., mandatory Palestine, including Jordan] as a single individual unit . . . The Conference recognizes HM King Abdullah [of Jordan] as King of all Palestine . . ."

Many of the signatories of that statement still live on the West Bank. While the PLO was strong on the West Bank, they lay low. But the PLO's popularity on the West Bank has fluctuated with its fortunes abroad and, after its defeat in Lebanon, will be at a nadir. Because of its radicalism the PLO has been a poor defender of Palestinian rights, and perhaps now more moderate Palestinian leaders will re-emerge, seeking new and more realistic solutions to their plight. In any case, Cato's claim is considerably more than the truth.

Yitzhak Klein
The Harvard Salient
Cambridge, Mass.

In "Letter from Washington" [June 25] Cato quotes Ambassador Kirkpatrick's statement that, unlike the military, "universities are informal, egalitarian places which don't attach much importance to titles." Don't you believe it! While universities do not indulge in a class pecking order as blatantly as the military services do, they are every bit as class-ridden, perhaps more so. After all, the new chairman of the Joint Chiefs is a former enlisted man. Who ever heard of a secretary or technician becoming a professor? The armed services *and* the universities are the repositories of the last vestiges of the European aristocratic system.

Robert C. Whitten
Cupertino, Calif.

See Here, de Mille

Fine distinctions are entirely missing in the meat-axe swing Richard de Mille takes at the laws requiring a balanced treatment of origins when he associates them with the Nazi-published *German Physics* ["And God Created Evolution," March 19].

Physics may not be "national" but any branch of knowledge can be bent to serve the state and the current political orthodoxy. Stephen Jay Gould, a geologist and a Marxist, has developed Punctuated

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Equilibria, a new fantasy sweeping through evolutionist circles desperate for a catchy slogan to explain away the systematic absence of transitional fossils, not only to show why there is no clear empirical fossil evidence for evolution, but to avoid the political belief that gradualism is the proper agent of social change.

De Mille can swallow Gouldian delusions, but he excommunicates creationists from the scientific network because they reject nontheistic, materialistic presuppositions. The rules have been reduced to a "nothing but physics and chemistry" explanation until this rigid position of mechanistic absolutes has become the only metaphysical posture permitted (and funded) by the power of the state.

Proper scientists, de Mille objects, do not set out to validate a particular theory come what may. They test ideas empirically and face the results. What escapes de Mille is that a scientist with a theistic metaphysical research program is just as committed to the rigorous pursuit of empirical falsification as *any* scientist with a mechanistic, nontheistic metaphysical research program. Whether a metaphysical research program includes a theistic or a nontheistic presupposition is entirely irrelevant to the use of the scientific method.

Present processes cannot tell us what happened in the past. Observable chance events do not produce intricate design or progressively more complicated systems of order. The Big Myth of the last one hundred years is that randomness over time produces order and is a "natural process." On the contrary, randomness destroys information and organization.

When de Mille accuses creationists of disguising a religious "story" as a scientific reconstruction of origins, he fails to recognize the old trick of projecting one's own behavior onto the opposition.

The only educational ayatollahs in plain sight are the high priests of evolution. Sagan sings his eulogy to classical materialism: "The universe is all there is, or ever was, or ever will be" . . . world without end, amen.

Free inquiry means more than merely debating the mechanisms of evolution. It must also include questioning evolution as a process. No democratic government has the constitutional right to uphold an evolutionary monopoly on origins, denying creationists the same free access to the public schools as is extended to the evolutionists.

Anne Beams
Bonn, West Germany

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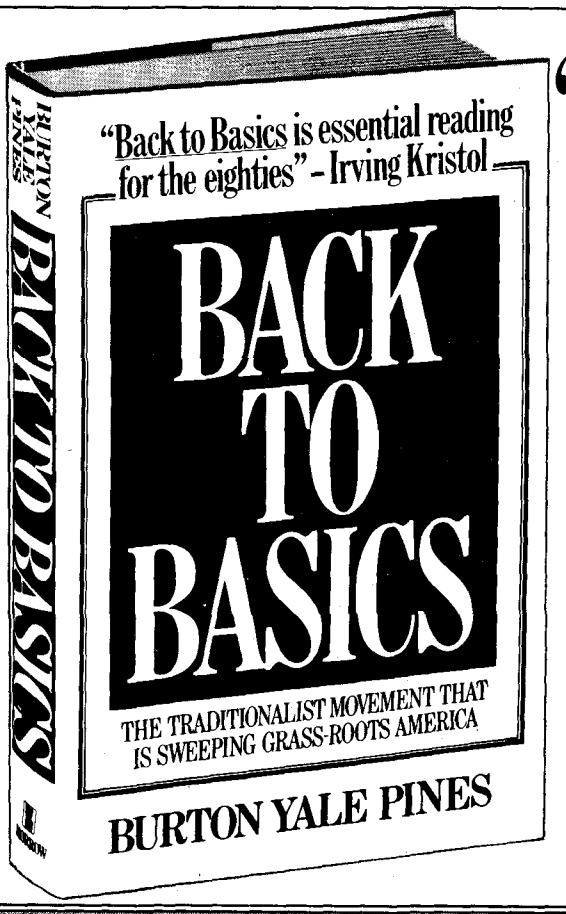
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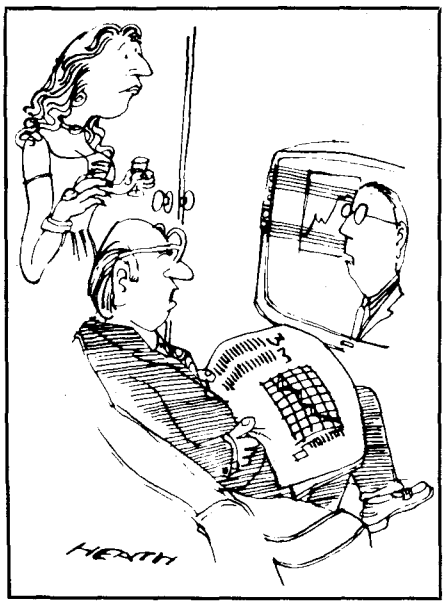
FOR THE RECORD

■ Political analysts summing up Democratic mini-convention in Philadelphia discovered the Democrats were quite ready to fight "Reaganomics" but not **Reagan** himself. Reason: Pollsters keep telling them the President's personal popularity remains high. For instance, latest **Gallup** shows President Reagan scoring higher than candidate Reagan (summer 1980) in personal qualities: strong leadership (60 per cent now, 56 per cent in '80); bright, intelligent (70 per cent now, 65 then); high moral principles (69 now, 60 then); likable (65 now, 61 then); religious (51 now, 28 then). **CBS/NYTimes** asked: Is it fair to judge success of Reagan's economic program now, or will it take more than this year to find out? Will take longer, 75 per cent; is fair to judge now, 21 per cent. *Time* magazine poll in March found 52 per cent opposing Reagan's re-election. Now only 41 per cent do. . . . *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder** underwhelmed by **Kennedy-Mondale** oratory at Philly. "Their oratorical triumphs," he says, were "salutes to the nostrums of yesteryear that remain popular in Massachusetts and Minnesota." And, quoting Rep. **Steny Hoyer** (Md.), "a shrewd politician with the border-state mentality": "You can't elect a President between Massachusetts and Minnesota; you have to move south and west as well." . . . Who's sorry now? The **ADA**, that's who, for supporting EMK over **Jimmy Carter** in 1980, because, says ADA president Father **Robert Drinan**, Jimmy Carter would have been "infinitely preferable" to Reagan in the White House. The ADA has issued 75-page report on Reagan's "disastrous" Presidency.

■ It's report time on the Hill. The big three ratings (liberal ADA and AFL-CIO, conservative ACA) are out: Edward Kennedy and **Carl Levin** (D., Mich.) got perfect ADA scores; Levin and **Christopher Dodd** (D., Conn.) perfect AFL-CIO scores. The most liberal Republicans, according to ADA, were **Lowell Weicker** (Conn.) and **Mark Hatfield** (Wash.); according to AFL-CIO, Weicker and **Charles Mathias** (Md.). In ACA ratings, **Jesse Helms** (R., N.C.) was tied with retiring Independent Senator **Harry Byrd** (Va.) at 95, with North Carolina's junior senator, **John East**, a close second at 94. Most conservative Democrat was Oklahoma's **David Boren**. Connecticut's senators were highest on ACA's blacklist with Democrat Dodd scoring zero, Republican Weicker 17. . . . Citizens' Choice rates the high spenders in Senate on basis of 17 key votes, finds Dodd, Levin, and **Tom Eagleton** (Mo.) biggest spendthrifts, followed in short order by Kennedy, **Metzenbaum** (D., Ohio), **Patrick Leahy** (D., Vt.).



Heath, *Punch* Rothco

"Soon the only people left in employment will be those writing and talking about it."

■ Look for changes at State following Haig-Shultz shift. Acting Secretary of State **Walter Stoessel Jr.** was scheduled all along to leave at year's end; it's also expected that **Richard Burt**, Director of Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, will go. **Henry Kissinger** aide Under Secretary **Lawrence Eagleburger** is a survivor, say insiders, pointing out that he has served in high-level jobs in the **Nixon, Ford**, Carter, and Reagan Administrations. . . . A Committee on the Present Danger report says U.S. is now "unequivocally" Number Two to USSR in military balance. . . . National Security Advisor **William Clark**, reports *Washington Post*, is opposed to any sellout of Taiwan. "There will be no backing away from Taiwan," Clark is quoted as saying, "and no time limit on the sale of arms to Taiwan." . . . Within fortnight of ERA rejection two new Equal Rights amendments were introduced on Hill. Senate version sponsored by **Paul Tsongas** (D., Mass.) and **Bob Packwood** (R., Ore.) has forty-odd co-sponsors; House version some 160 co-sponsors. . . . At end of **Sandra Day O'Connor's** first year on Supreme Court she has been aligned most often with conservative Justices **Warren Burger** and **William Rehnquist**. On other end of political spectrum are liberals **Thurgood Marshall**, **William Brennan**, and **Harry Blackmun**, leaving the swing vote to **Byron White**, **John Paul Stevens**, and **Lewis F. Powell Jr.** Justice O'Connor has been particularly strong in decisions on cases involving states' rights.

■ Danger not to lose sleep over: Communist *Daily World* worried that nuclear warheads (if indeed there were any) on sunk *Sheffield* may be salvaged from South Atlantic Ocean (in arctic gale winds) by "irresponsible criminal elements."

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THE WEEK

■ The Kremlin is celebrating the nuclear freeze movement in its own inimitable fashion. While its left tongue was announcing a freeze on its medium-range missiles, its right tongue was ordering deployment of 45 to fifty of its nasty SS-20s. It then applauded the anti-nuke demonstration in New York with both tongues as a blow against the U.S. war machine, and jailed the entire anti-nuke crowd that dared to turn out in Moscow—11 people.

■ The nomination of George P. Shultz to be Secretary of State raises to 18 the number of members of the Committee on the Present Danger now placed on leave to accept full-time jobs on the federal payroll —first among them being the President himself. The others include the head of CIA, the two top members of the U.S. delegation to the UN, Under Secretaries at State and Defense, the head of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency, and a U.S. Circuit judge. Additionally, 33 CPD members are serving the government in part-time posts not entailing removal from the roster. These include nine of the 17 members of the President's Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board, two of the three members of the Intelligence Oversight Board, eight of the 14 nominees to the General Advisory Committee on Arms Control, four members of the Economic Policy Advisory Board, and the head U.S. delegate to the Conference on Security and Cooperation in Europe. The combined total of 51 constitutes over a third of the CPD membership at the outset of the Reagan Administration.

■ Good news for all egalitarians and redistributionists: the Tax Foundation reports that the federal tax system's progressivity is on the upswing. In 1980, the top 50 per cent of American earners paid 94 per cent of all federal income taxes, up from 93 per cent in 1975. The top 10 per cent of earners paid 51.8 per cent, up from 48.6 five years before. The average tax for all taxpayers in 1980 was $2,653—an increase of 75 per cent from 1975. But for taxpayers in the top 10 per cent of income, the bill rose by 87 per cent. For the same five years, U.S. population rose by less than 6 per cent, but the number of tax returns rose by 14 per cent, and total collections by 99 per cent.

■ As ERA finally wheezed and expired, several mourners stormed the National Archives in Washington, where they flung paint and blood on the walls of the building, thereby forcing the embarrassed Capital police to haul two dozen of them off to the pokey. Meanwhile, other feminists were explaining that ERA had lost because its opponents had made its supporters sound like extremists.

■ A policy paper issued by the Atlantic Council of the United States observes, regarding a decade of experience with the All Volunteer Force: "By 1980, minorities accounted for 41 per cent of all Army enlisted personnel. Thirty-three per cent of Army enlisted personnel were black (versus 13 per cent of the population), 4 per cent Hispanic (versus 6 per cent of the population), and 4 per cent other minorities." There is an even greater disproportion of blacks in combat outfits—occasionally "as high as 40 per cent in battalion-size units and even higher in smaller units." Further, according to the report, "Since the start of the AVF an average of 45 per cent of male recruits did not have a high-school diploma, compared with 29 per cent of draftees and 39 per cent of volunteers in 1964—this during a period when the number of 18- to 19-year-old high-school graduates in the population as a whole was rising from 65 per cent to 74 per cent." The report says, "Whether . . . unrepresentativeness, both economic and racial, is healthy in an institution whose members are expected to accept special risks and hardships in defending the society as a whole is a question the society needs to ponder deeply."

■ The *Washington Post* revealed on July 2 that outgoing Secretary of State Alexander Haig had, just before resigning, sent to the White House a memorandum calling for phasing out the sale of arms to Taiwan. This, then, was the document referred to in the column written by WFB (see p. 916) ten days earlier. Cato (see p. 873) now advises us that President Reagan has personally assured Senator Goldwater that the interdict will not in fact take place. The news, then, is reassuring. But although congressional pressure in favor of continuing support for Taiwan is vigorous, so also—we can see—is the disposition simply to let Taiwan fend for itself. Perhaps Mr. Haig will dilate on his recommendations now that he has retired. Perhaps the memorandum submitted to the White House will be publicized. Was it a squeaker? It appears to have been exactly that.

■ June 18, the Senate Subcommittee on International Finance and Monetary Policy held a hearing on the Siberian gas pipeline. ABC, NBC, CBS, and PBS were all invited, but did not show, preferring to reminisce about Ervin and Dean and 18½-minute gaps. They missed: Mr. Doan Van Toai, a Vietnamese, formerly with the NLF, who testified that "many hundreds of thousands" of his countrymen have been "loaned" to the Soviet Union, to study, do research, and perform heavy labor (he gets his figures from a May 4 article in the *Nhan Dan Party Daily News* by

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

Over the July 4 weekend, Washington patio colloquy turned on 1) who the likely coke-traffickers and pederasts in Congress are, and 2) how George Shultz will alter power flows in the Reagan White House. The pending investigations of the page scandal by the Justice Department, D.C. police, and the House Committee on Standards of Official Conduct mercifully permit us to dispense for the nonce with the unsavory (shall we say Weimarian?) Number One topic, leaving the Shultz accession for a bit of idle scrutiny now.

At present Ed Meese is Out and James Baker In. When Richard Allen was dislodged as National Security Advisor, William Clark accepted that post on condition that he would deal directly with the President, Allen having reported to Meese and Meese to Mr. Reagan. Clark's direct access has had the effect of excluding Meese from foreign-policy formulation. On the domestic side, Baker and his fleet-footed staff had meanwhile filled the scattered power vacuums left by Meese when he was brokering foreign policy, and Baker worked particularly smoothly with his economic soulmate, David Stockman. All of which meant that Ed Meese now finds himself as odd man out—in terms of being a policymaker, that is.

George Shultz, it is reasoned here, will not only shore up Reagan's foreign policy but also shed his wisdom on economic matters, thus tending to crowd Baker. Indeed, Washington power connoisseurs believe, within six months Shultz will be the most powerful man in government, excepting only the President. (Clark currently holds that status, Baker being a near second.) After the upcoming fall elections, as Cato predicted earlier, Clark will emerge as White House Chief of Staff, and Baker will take a Cabinet post. Meese, who is now a kind of policy crony of the President, will then step back in as domestic policy czar.

■ Meese, incidentally, recently arranged for Barry Goldwater to visit with the President and Vice President in an Oval Office meeting to talk about the Taiwan arms sale issue. The Senator, just returned from Taiwan, had voiced his disquiet over reports that the Administration might capitulate to PRC insistence that no weaponry be sold to Taiwan. He stressed to Mr. Reagan that the Taiwanese are old and valued friends who ought to be treated as such, and that the President of the United States, like all other citizens, must obey the law—which, in this instance, is the Taiwan Relations Act, stipulating that we must help Taiwan with its legitimate self-defense. "I'm going to honor my campaign promise," the President told Barry. "You can count on that." Which, in practical terms, translates into an assurance that the Administration will sell Taiwan F-5E aircraft (Taiwan wants F-5Gs but can live with the Es), to be co-produced by us and them.

■ Senator Goldwater has also been airing his views on Menachem Begin, calling him "an unstable man" in one wire-service interview, an opinion that the Senator has also conveyed to several Arab ambassadors around town. "He has no right to invade another country," said Goldwater, "and the United States has no right to support the invasion of another country unless it's a matter of a world war"—a sentiment to which an increasing number of congressmen are saying, Amen.

■ Watch for Manuel Johnson to be named Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Economic Policy, a position that has been inexcusably left vacant since Paul Craig Roberts departed four months ago. Johnson was Roberts's handpicked deputy and now serves as Acting Assistant Secretary. He is a solid supply-sider (one of only two left in the entire Reagan Administration now that Norman Ture has also quit, the other being Stephen Entin, also installed by Roberts at Treasury). The White House says it wants a bigger name than Johnson's to fill the job, but Reagan-watchers see this as smokeblowing. Treasury Secretary Donald Regan, we hear, is high on Johnson, and will give him the nod before long.

■ A nuclear-freeze resolution was passed (26 to 11) by the House Foreign Affairs Committee recently. Seven Republicans voted Yea, all of them predictably save one, 29-year-old Long Island Congressman John LeBoutillier, a fierce anti-Communist. Reason given to Cato for this apparent fall from grace: the resolution called for a "mutual and verifiable" freeze by both the USSR and the U.S., key language which, as interpreted by LeBoutillier, means both nations would agree to on-site verification, a condition the Soviets would never assent to. So, LeBoutillier reasoned, let's put the resolution in front of the Soviets, watch them squirm out of it, and in the process dramatically school Americans and Europeans on the ways of Soviet hypocrisy. LeBoutillier's yea vote will also (maybe not so incidentally) yield him a plus politically in November, a substantial number of his constituents being much in favor of the freeze idea.

—CATO

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the Minister of Labor); Mrs. Li Thi Anh, of the Vietnamese Information Bureau, who said that the "guest workers" had been recruited from Vietnamese prison camps and sent to the Soviet Union "together with their jailers. . . . The life there is 100 per cent slave labor. There's no other way to describe it"; Mr. Mikhail Makarenko, sometime art-gallery manager and political prisoner, who estimated that the mortality rate on prisoner-built public projects was "higher than during the Stalin period"; and finally, the Honorable Zdzislaw Rurarz, economist and former Polish Ambassador to Japan (defected post-coup), who supplied the rationale: "The Soviets are terribly in need of money. . . . The production of oil is stagnating. There are problems with the production of gold. . . . So that now the next thing is the natural gas." That's the way it wasn't, June 18, 1982.

■ In an awesome ceremony at Madison Square Garden, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon joined in wedlock some 4,150 of his followers, many of whom were only introduced to each other weeks before the wedding. Consummation of the marriages, like the choice of spouses, will occur at Moon's command. Outsiders have generally found the whole thing comic or chilling. Maybe it's both. And yet, however grotesque this mass matchmaking is, it is the sort of thing one should expect when traditional orthodoxies have been de-

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bunked, and the yearning for authority seeks expression in a normless society. Moon is less authoritarian than Mao, Che, Ho, Jim Jones, and a number of other charismatic figures whose admirers have been applauded by many of the liberals who find him sinister.

■ "Our judgment is that the presence of the Royal Marine garrison, which unlike the *HMS Endurance* is permanently stationed in the Falklands, is sufficient deterrent against any possible aggression." So wrote Margaret Thatcher to a constituent in February, justifying the withdrawal of the *Endurance*—the only British ship in the region at the time. A full inquiry into Britain's preparedness contains the possibility of undoing much of the Tory government's popularity gains from the war. Meanwhile, Mrs. Thatcher plans a victory parade of Falklands veterans for the fall.

■ Canada is in a deep recession, is raising transfer payments from the productive to the unproductive, and is trying to raise taxes to pay for it. Inflation is double-digit, and the forthcoming deficit is reportedly equivalent to $150 billion here. Prime Minister Trudeau blames it all on us, for no better reason than that all this nonsense started when he came to power.

■ What a Fourth of July. The *Columbia* landed smoothly at Edwards Air Force Base, to be greeted by President Reagan. At the same time, two Americans, Connors and McEnroe, played a sensational final on Wimbledon's Center Court. Jimmy Connors proved that there are second acts in American life by winning the title again after an eight-year hiatus, his success due to that rarity in big-time sports, the addition of significant new skills: an effective net game and a tougher second serve. Bravo.

■ At this stage, Arafat would gladly settle for an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

■ ERRATUM: In the editorial "Pac-Man Syndrome" ("The Week," July 9) the reference to "scheduled $45- to $46-billion cuts in Medicare and Medicaid" should have read "$4 to $6 billion."

Reagan and Lebanon

President Reagan's carefully worded suggestion that "in principle" U.S. troops might take part in a Middle East peace-keeping force caused a flurry of anxiety in Congress, but the offer makes sense if the troops police a negotiated settlement which takes account of the new realities that have been established in the region. Conversely, it does not make sense if such a peace-keeping force merely papers over those realities pending the next outburst of violence.

By its overwhelmingly successful military operation in Lebanon, Israel has created a new situation not only for the defeated PLO, but for itself. The PLO guerrillas, at bay in West Beirut, have been shattered. As we go to press, it is not clear whether they will die where they stand, either through bombs or starvation, or whether they will slink away under protection of guns not their own. Shattered too is the myth that this "army" could, or ever can, menace the Israelis militarily. The Palestinian cause has run out of military options. Nor did the Arab "allies" of the PLO prove willing or able to sustain them. After some catastrophic initial engagements, the Syrians stood prudently aside. Israeli armor could have taken Damascus in an afternoon.

If the myth of the PLO and of its military prowess is dead, so too is the myth that Israel can be "driven into the sea," as Gamal Nasser once put it after spending too much time in the sun. Israel cannot be defeated by any combination of Arab forces.

Those realities dictate the outlines of any politically credible settlement. Israel is strong enough to face its Palestinian problem squarely, and work out a solution for autonomy on the West Bank. But such a solution requires in return that Israel's erstwhile enemies recognize Israel and affirm its right to secure existence. Actually they have little to lose by so doing, the military prospects being what they are.

An international peace-keeping force could play a useful role if all parties act on these new realities. In the absence of such a willingness, the foreign troops would merely be targets for renewed terrorism.

Good News from Lebanon

Amid the clatter of armor and the thunder of artillery, some news of immense importance has come from Lebanon. Although the facts were reported in the major media, the implications of the destruction of 19 Syrian SA-6 surface-to-air missile batteries by the Israelis has somehow escaped attention.

What happened was that the Israelis used currently available Western equipment, together with novel tactics and traditional chutzpah, to turn some of the Soviet Union's most deadly weapons into scrap. Unmanned drone aircraft flew over the batteries, causing them to turn on their radars, thereby permitting patrolling E-2C Hawkeye surveillance aircraft to identify and locate them. Then came a fast strike by aircraft armed with U.S.-made Shrike missiles (which home on radar) and cluster bombs, under cover of massive electronic countermeasures from other aircraft. When the smoke cleared, there were no operational SA-6 batteries, and no Israeli aircraft lost.

The first to see the significance of this event was the Soviet Union, whose heavily armored units would have to rely on relentless momentum to gain victory

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in a land war with NATO. A key element of that momentum would be the ability of surface-to-air missiles to diminish the effectiveness of NATO close air support, thus permitting Soviet and Warsaw Pact armies to press their attack. The Israelis managed in a very short time to wipe out as many SA-6 batteries as the Soviets would use to protect nearly four army divisions. To make matters worse, the weapons and tactics used are applicable to nearly any radar-guided surface-to-air missile, not just the SA-6. Without the support of the SAMs, the entire body of military theory underlying present Soviet strategy may have to be extensively revised.

There are lessons to be learned by both the United States and the Soviet Union. We may have to increase drastically the procurement of drones, and adjust our tactics. This will cost millions of dollars and at least a small investment in time. The Soviet response is likely to cost billions of dollars and several years to implement. The Israelis have, whatever else we may think of their actions in Lebanon, bought the West some valuable time. We would be foolish to waste it.

Democrats in Philly

I. Schlock Time

Those forgathered at the Democratic mini-convention in Philadelphia must have appreciated anew the old joke about spending a week in Philadelphia one day.

The performance of the presidential aspirants turned out to be peculiarly rancid: "In Reagan's America there is apparently no role for women," Walter Mondale shouted, apparently determined to insult everyone's intelligence, and he went on to accuse Reagan of "gutting . . . student assistance, Social Security, day care, school lunches, infant nutrition, and the rest." Social Security, of course, has actually increased, and the marginal adjustments in the rest scarcely amount to gutting. Indeed, the question of the federal role in many such programs is surely overdue for re-evaluation.

"I strongly support the nuclear freeze," Mondale and the rest opportunized, unaware that this issue has high boomerang potential.

The funny thing is that the press judged Mondale's speech to have been the best given by a prospective candidate, and the funnier thing is that it probably was.

Senator Gary Hart, attempting to galvanize his audience and burst forth as a neo-liberal star, came up with such electrifying lines as "power belongs to the many—not the few" and "this nation exists for all individuals —and not just the wealthy." Cross-of-gold material.

In Ted Kennedy's speech, a shout to the effect that "These are new ideas" followed a paragraph that read: We must "free our economy from the tyranny of high interest rates. We must stop the heedless borrowing of tens of billions of dollars to pay for needless corporate mergers. We must stand against the modern royalists who monopolize our finances—and we must set aside essential credit to revive small business and family farms and to redeem the American dream of owning a home."

The notion that borrowing for corporate mergers is responsible for high interest rates is certainly a "new idea." The rest of Kennedy's stuff dates from the 1930s, including Roosevelt's "royalists." Kennedy's writers, as George Will points out, are sold on rhyme to the point where they forget the meaning of the words they are using: heedless-needless, redeem-dream; and they seem to think the four-beat peroration is a wowser: "the dawn is near, our hearts are bright, our cause is right, and our day is coming again." More rhyme, more banality.

It is one of the many curiosities of our era that American intellectuals, by and large, regard the Democrats as the party of ideas and even of intellect. Intellectuals therefore have a responsibility, seldom honored, to scrutinize the intellectual quality of what their putative leaders are actually saying. In Philadelphia, it was all pretty dismal.

II. Political Prospects and Problems

Judging by the events in Philadelphia, the race for the 1984 nomination shapes up as follows. Senator Kennedy begins his run as the candidate of the Left, the heir of George McGovern. This is a numerous constituency within the party, and contains many of its activists and much of its wealth. There is some historical irony in that, in defeating Adlai Stevenson in 1960, John F. Kennedy defeated the Left constituency; while Ted Kennedy now emerges as the leader of that same Left. Kennedy's now-crystallized identity has made him an early leader in the polls and the emotional favorite of the Democrats gathered in Philadelphia.

Kennedy's political strengths have long been obvious, but so have his weaknesses been. After Chappaquiddick a substantial number of people simply decided that "Kennedy is no good"—and there's little he can do at this stage to change their judgment. In terms

Changing Fashions

When I attended college,
  Professors told me, "Bill,
The dough we owe each other
  Will never make us ill."
But now the same professors
  (Yes, some are still alive)
Say budgets must be balanced
  Or no one will survive.

W. H. VON DREELE

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of domestic circumstances, he needs stability; it is next to impossible to believe that a homeless Kennedy could win a national election. As a public speaker he remains unimpressive away from his prepared text.

But, for the nomination, it will be Kennedy against Somebody Else, the other candidate representing resistance to McGovernism within the party. Mondale currently leads in this Somebody Else race, and he has much of the party organization behind him. He has none of the perceived Kennedy character defects to contend with, although he is perceived as dull.

Mondale's tactical problem will be to get Hart, Glenn, Hollings, and other pragmatists, neo-liberals, and whatnot to withdraw from the race as soon as possible so that he will remain as the beneficiary of resistance to Kennedy. (Cranston is the fall-back Left candidate, there in case Kennedy somehow fizzles.)

Looking still further ahead, either Kennedy or Mondale will face formidable problems in the general election against the expected Reagan candidacy. One problem is the new Democratic Party, which comes across as a conglomeration of militant special interests, ethnic and otherwise, rather than as something resembling a normal cross-section of American life. The other major problem will be the dubious prospect that the country will be at all receptive to the kind of liberal rhetoric and the quality of liberal ideas discussed above.

Doleful Tax Increases

On Capitol Hill, liberal Democrats seem to be on the verge of winning a stunning victory: the biggest tax increase since World War II, $98.4 billion over the next three years. Who is going to hand it to them? Conservative Republicans, incredibly enough. The Republican-controlled Senate Finance Committee has voted, over token "opposition" from delighted Democrats, to embrace no fewer than 24 different tax increases adding up to $21.1 billion in fiscal 1983 and much more later.

"If you trace the paternity of many of the items in that bill," an "enthusiastic Democratic staffer" told the *Wall Street Journal*, "You will find it's damn near a Democratic bill." The *Washington Post* was so collectively overjoyed that it dropped all show of cool journalistic detachment and ran its editorial under the frankly hortatory banner "Support the Finance Committee." It called the package "a brave set of tax reform measures," as opposed to a "giveaway," which the *Post*'s style book lists as the correct term for a tax cut. The *Post* also decried "the merciless pressure of the tax loophole lobbies," by which they mean widows who don't want 10 per cent withheld from their dividend checks. The *New York Times* was equally jubilant.

The liberals, in short, know which side they're on. Do the conservatives?

Apparently not. Indignities that taxpayers did not suffer in the revenue-hungry days of Lyndon Johnson and Jimmy Carter are now about to be inflicted on them courtesy of Robert Dole. Withholding on interest and dividends—which the House turned down 401 to 4 in 1980, when Jimmy Carter proposed it—is to be shepherded through by a Republican leadership. Tax cuts that were won last year at the cost of complicating the tax code are to be partially undone in ways that complicate the tax code still further.

Cigarette smokers will pay doubled taxes so that the Federal Government can afford to keep hectoring and badgering them into quitting. The telephone system, central nervous system of the emerging electronic information economy, will be administered a depressant in the form of a $2.7-billion excise tax increase. Two very sick parts of the economy, industrial construction and savings and loans, will get new burdens.

The official explanation for all this is Congress's panicky rush for "revenue enhancement." Thus it is especially revealing that several provisions of the package would in fact raise little or no revenue. One such provision, probably tacked on more to win liberal support than because of any Republican sympathy for it, would slice the amount of money that high earners could set aside in tax-deferred pension plans—thus driving funds from productive savings and investment to unproductive tax shelters of other sorts. Tax-exempt state bonds that aid business are another example: unable to decide whether to ban them or leave them alone, the committee decided to compromise by wrapping them up in red tape, quite possibly making them more expensive in the process. The provisions on mortgage subsidy bonds and the targeted jobs credit actually *lose* revenue for the government—and on behalf of two of the least justifiable, most distortive preferences in the tax code.

The package is a disaster even on grounds of sheer politics, quite aside from all questions of principle. The Democrats are only too willing to sit back and let Republicans take the credit for a tax hike. They would

Grand Illusion

Charles Percy says he'll run again
And seeks the President's *Amen.*
Though silence from the Reagan wing
Is what was once called "deafening,"
He's certain this apparent slight
Is really just an oversight.
But not till there's a purple cow
Or White House T-shirts labeled "Mao"
Should Mr. Reagan give the nod
To anyone so very odd.

W. H. VON DREELE

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like nothing better than for the GOP to abandon its natural constituency, the taxpayer, and usher in an era of "responsible," "bipartisan" high-tax policy. If the only rivalry between the parties is to show which can better serve the funding needs of the federal machine, voters are likely to pick the Democrats, who have a lot more experience.

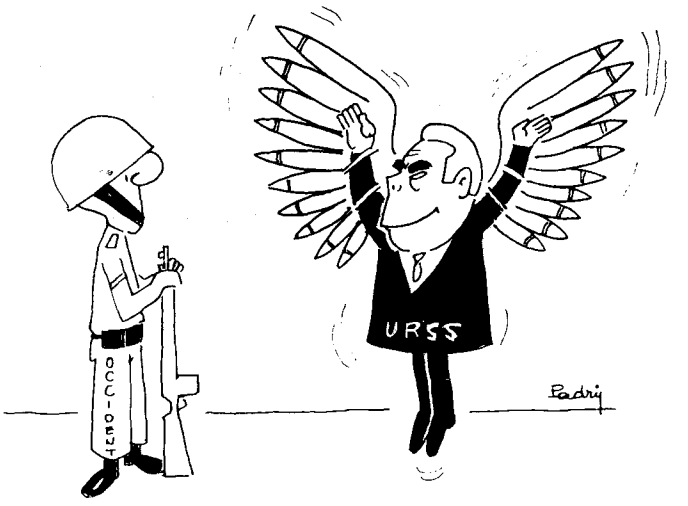
Footnote to the above: Economic signs continue to turn positive, especially for the longer term. "Business activity is already taking a turn for the better," reported *Fortune* in its July 12 issue. "The economy is warming up for a climb that seems likely to last at least through 1983 without any more of those debilitating interruptions. Tamed at last, inflation will stay down while the recovery proceeds. . . . Consumers will be the main force leading the economy upward," because of the big Reagan tax cuts. Best of all is *Business Week*'s description (June 7) of what might be called the Reagan research boom: "companies are still planning to boost their research and development spending by an astounding 17 per cent this year, on top of an estimated 16 per cent in 1981. What is more, such expenditures are currently projected to jump an additional 37 per cent by 1985."

Broadcasting to Cuba

On September 22, 1981, the White House issued Executive Order 12323, the purpose of which was to establish a U.S. radio station—to be known as Radio Martí—to begin broadcasting to Cuba. On February 2, 1982, the Radio Broadcasting to Cuba Act was introduced in the House and referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, which added three amendments covering the operations of the station and the handling of any technical or political problems that might arise. With these amendments the bill easily passed the House Foreign Affairs Committee and was then sent to the Committee on Energy and Commerce, which referred it for consideration to its Subcommittee on Telecommunications, Consumer Protection, and Finance. The subcommittee, with one simple addition, proceeded to render the bill strategically inconsequential.

What the subcommittee did was to attach an amendment to the bill that would restrict Radio Martí to broadcasting on shortwave frequencies instead of the AM frequencies called for in the original legislation. Since few Cubans own or have access to shortwave radios, the amendment, if approved, would guarantee a blackout to Cubans starved for news.

Astonishing as it seems, even this version of Radio Martí is too provocative for some members of Congress. In the course of hearings conducted by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Senator Christopher Dodd called the proposed station a "juvenile foreign-policy idea" and said the $10 million required to start



Padry, *Le Hérisson* Rothco

The Dove of Peace

the station would be more wisely spent on economic development and education programs in Latin America. Senator Claiborne Pell opposed the legislation because of fear that it might jeopardize negotiations to end tensions between Castro and the United States.

Meanwhile, the Latin American and Caribbean airwaves are teeming with broadcasts from such countries as 1) Cuba, which broadcasts about 280 hours a week to Latin America, 2) the Soviet Union, which broadcasts 133 hours a week, and 3) East Germany, which broadcasts a mere 54 hours a week—thirty hours less than the Voice of America beams to Latin America. While the Soviet-bloc broadcasts may not be as sophisticated as the broadcasts we are accustomed to in the United States, they compensate for this failing with a brutality we are also unaccustomed to. Not long ago the Cuban radio, for example, compared Ronald Reagan to Adolf Hitler. In the information war, as elsewhere, detente is a one-way street.

Tales of the Gulag Pipeline (Cont'd)

"Wrong"—Margaret Thatcher. "Received with concern and anxiety"—Giovanni Spadolini, Premier of Italy. "New epoch of cold war"—Helmut Schmidt. "Economic cold war"—*Le Matin*. "Sheer imperialism"—*Frankfurter Rundschau*.

No question, something's eating the Europeans. And it isn't—say—Brezhnev's decision to keep Poland under his heel, but Reagan's decision to forbid American licensees to help to build the Gulag Pipeline.

Europe is the cradle of power politics. But after 35 years of impotence, the heirs of Machiavelli and Bismarck seem, naturally enough, to have lost some of their skills—so perhaps it would not be out of place to offer them a refresher course.

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The technology is ours. American companies conceived it, developed it, and farmed it out to European craftsmen of their choice, subject to relevant laws. American businesses, to rephrase Coolidge, are America's business. German newspapers should save words like "imperialism" for genuinely imperialistic situations —gassing Afghan peasants, or shooting Polish miners —lest the German language follow the Weimar Mark into inflation and worse.

If the pipeline is built, the limping Soviet economy will receive an infusion on the order of $10 billion a year. Some of this, of course, will be spent on domestic projects—buying food from capitalist farmers, restringing barbed wire. The bulk of it, however, will be poured into the Soviet military. Our motives in slowing this down are both self-interested, and philanthropic: self-interested, in that the main enemy against which that military is directed is us; philanthropic, in that the secondary, and immediate, enemy is Europe.

And if the pipeline is delayed, what then? The Europeans will continue to get their fuel from the Middle East, where they now get it. And if the Soviets (who have more than one card in their hand) decide to cut off the Strait of Hormuz, who will come to Europe's rescue? Not Mrs. Thatcher, whose fleet is designed to cope with Falkland-size crises. Not Italy or France. Helmut Schmidt will not dust off the Afrika Korps. The real work will be done by the only country capable of doing it—the United States. Since we are running the risk, we ought to set the terms.

The Europeans make one valid point—that it is hypocritical of the United States to prevent the Soviets from selling gas while continuing, ourselves, to sell them grain. Repealing the grain embargo *was* a mistake—a mistake in real, strategic terms; a mistake in the rhetorical cover it now offers the faint-hearted.

But you have to start somewhere. Our allies want, evidently, to start nowhere. *Vive le Reaganisme.*

Big News from the Icebox

Anthony Lewis of the *New York Times* turned up in Moscow last week and made the signal discovery that Soviet officialdom has been "offended" by several of Ronald Reagan's recent speeches. He reported on it all most eagerly, taking care to present Soviet spokesmen, named and unnamed, in a highly sympathetic light, a procedure designed to validate their thinking. One was "an old Soviet acquaintance, one given in the past to restraint and a certain irony in conversation . . ." Another, Valentin Falin, is not only a high official but "is said to study art history as an avocation —to be a real expert on European painting" (no doubt excluding the post-1917 modernist movement in the arts).

Anyway, these civilized gentlemen are very unhappy with Reagan. "We are not so thick-skinned as to brush off what Reagan says about us. I think he is hopeless in this—so blind to the defects in his own system, so implacable toward the other." Lewis bounces this sort of thing off the usual unnamed "Western diplomats" who "said they thought the President's rhetoric really had offended people—and was counterproductive." The Soviet art historian's conclusion was bittersweet, even poetic: "Art survives a period of decadence. Will the same be true in international politics?" Surely that depends on the art historian's bosses.

John Anderson's Public

Like the diva now long in the tooth
With a voice meant for signaling fog,
Mr. Anderson shrinks from the truth
That his audience isn't agog.
He insists there's tremendous demand
Which his repertoire's destined to fill,
But he really comes on like a canned
Madame Schumann-Heink over the hill.

W. H. VON DREELE

Max Rafferty, R I P

Today Max Rafferty should be occupying the Senate seat held instead by Alan Cranston. In 1968 Rafferty, then in his second term as California's State Superintendent of Public Education, upset the liberal incumbent, Senator Thomas Kuchel, in the Republican primary. Rafferty, a flamboyant personality and a potent orator, campaigned all over the state in the "RAF"—Rafferty's Air Force—a group of DC-3s carrying the candidate and his staff plus the media people.

But, having whipped Kuchel, Rafferty seemed to assume victory in November. He showed political contempt for his Democratic opponent, Alan Cranston. Throughout the summer of 1968, Rafferty seemed somnolent, lounging around in his Sacramento office awaiting the moment of coronation.

To his enormous surprise, Cranston beat him. Today, Cranston is trying to position himself to be the leftwardmost Democratic presidential contender once Teddy Kennedy flops again.

Rafferty, precocious as a child, majored in history. He seemed to live most fully in the world of his books. A Rafferty speech had more literary and historical allusions in it than a column by George Will. In the first three pages of his famous attack on progressive education, *Suffer, Little Children*, he refers to Juliet, Du Barry, Aeschylus, Sophocles, Aristophanes, Richelieu, Anne of Austria, Louis XIII, Plato, Socrates, the Stoa, a Neolithic hunter named Tegumai, and the Man in the Iron Mask. He burst upon the public

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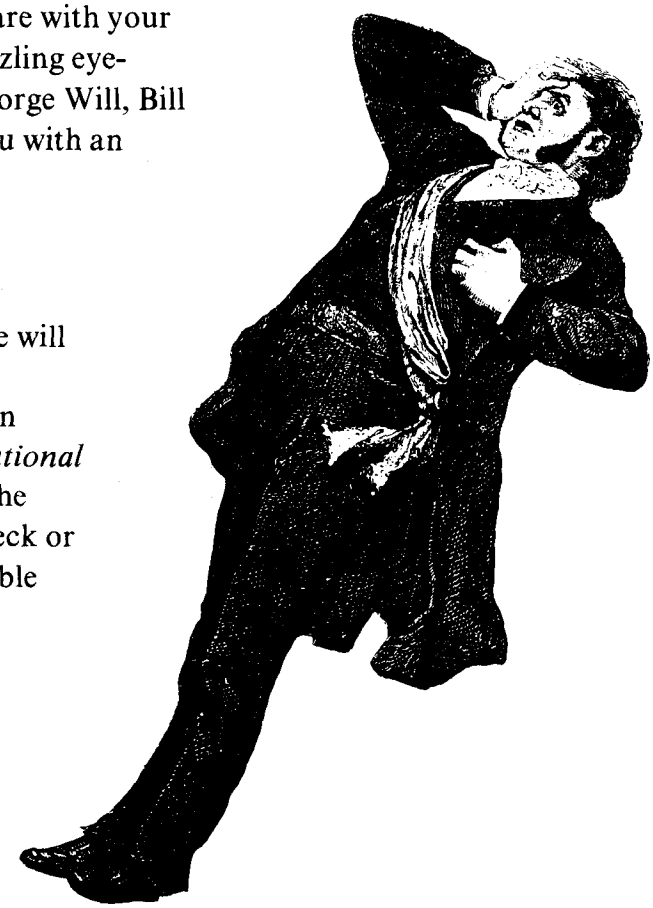
You'll Never Forgive Yourself If You Let This One Get Away

(especially when it's Free!)

The tape-recorded highlights of *National Review's* scintillating 25th Anniversary celebration is now a collector's item. We made a limited number of these cassettes at the time and the supply dwindles with each offer. The day is approaching when we will ship the last tape and that will be that. You won't be able to get a copy then for love nor money.

And that, dear reader, would be a terrible shame. You would never be able to hear that warm and wonderful feeling of triumph (still a sparse commodity) that comes across so vividly on this recording—that makes you glad to have been associated with the events leading up to this glorious evening.

For conservatives it's a moment in history captured in sound that becomes a priceless sentimental journey you'll treasure for many years to come—something you'll want to share with your family and friends. For new readers it will be a dazzling eye-opener as Clare Boothe Luce, William Rusher, George Will, Bill Buckley and all the others delight and entertain you with an evening of wit and wisdom hard to match.



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consciousness with a speech—while school superintendent in a community near Los Angeles—called "The Passing of the Patriot." This, although it caused a sensation and led to a successful run for statewide office, reminds us of the world of boys' books: the children, Rafferty said, were reading about Dick and Jane. No wonder they were bored and apathetic. "But place them on the shot-swept shrouds of the *Bon Homme Richard*, and let them thrill to those words flashing like a rapier out of our past, 'I have not yet begun to fight.' Kneel with them behind the cotton bales at New Orleans with Andy Jackson at their side, as the Redcoats begin to emerge from the Louisiana mists and the sullen guns of Laffite begin to pound. Watch their faces. See the eyes brighten and the spirits ruffle. See the color come, the backs straighten."

After losing the Senate race to Alan Cranston, Rafferty seemed to lose interest in California. In 1970 he was defeated for State Superintendent by one of his former assistants, Wilson Riles, a low-profile administrator. Rafferty took the job of Dean of Education at Troy State University in Alabama, and largely disappeared from national consciousness.

It would be a mistake to discount Rafferty's career. He did focus, in 1968, on the educational wasteland of the public schools, and was one of the leaders in a counter-revolution in education that is still gathering momentum. But he was a greater man than the historical record shows, a fact that may be traceable to the world of books and words in which he felt more at home than in the outer world of men and events.

He died on June 13 at age 65 in Alabama when his car plunged off an earthen dam into a pond. —JH

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re: Inquiry of Christopher J. Wilson ["Notes and Asides," March 5]: Standing on the balls of one's feet, and rocking back and forth, is merely a physical symptom of intense intellectual activity during a period of particularly electric communication.

Curiosity concerning these matters among personnel from certain quarters of the Treasury Department is completely understandable.

Sincerely,
George E. Goodwine
Warrensburg, Mo.

■ Dear Mr. Amory:

I'm not sure why I put off writing to you for so long. Perhaps it was my general admiration for the job you did in editing the letters of Mr. Evelyn Waugh [*The Letters of Evelyn Waugh*, edited by Mark Amory, Ticknor & Fields, 1980].

But now, with yet another smirking allusion [see "Notes & Asides," March 5] to the low opinion Waugh had of me, my magazine, and my abilities (this one in New York, following similar references in Los Angeles and San Francisco), I must ask you for an explanation.

1. I enclose a copy of the San Francisco column by Mr. Herb Caen. I enclose a copy of the letter I then addressed to Mr. Caen.

2. I enclose a copy of the feature "Notes & Asides" from NATIONAL REVIEW, November 14, 1980. I should have addressed a copy of that feature to you at the time, so that I'd have had access to your explanation for the missing letters, EW to WFB.

3. My confusion is reinforced by the acknowledgments in your book. Apparently I gave you permission to enter my files and to take from them copies of letters from EW to me. When the book came out, I asked the Yale University Library, which keeps my papers, to give me in turn copies of letters from EW to WFB. I instantly received the entire set published in the NATIONAL REVIEW feature. It is, I should think, logical to conclude that you were in possession of the identical set. Why then did you not, even if you elected not to publish any of his subsequent letters to me, mention in a footnote that Mr. Waugh was friendly to me, and to my journal? I am most anxious for your explanation, as it will facilitate my handling of my critics, who are greatly enjoying themselves on this point.

I am sending a copy of this letter and enclosures to Auberon Waugh, not in the spirit of intimidation, but because, as an old personal friend, I would not want him to be surprised that there was contention, so to speak, in the family.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

Mr. Mark Amory
Ticknor & Fields
London

Combe Florey House
Somerset, England

Dear Bill:

Thank you for sending me your correspondence with Mark Amory. I am sorry that he seems to be making cheap capital from the few rude references to you in my Father's correspondence. If he had known you better there would probably have been more of them, but that would not mean that he held you in anything but the greatest esteem. He always spoke of you with admiration, as I remember, and was delighted when I started writing for you many years ago.

The problem with opening anyone's letters or diaries is that one is bound to find unkind references to friends, relations, and even strangers which the writer

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"Well, in these days of Reaganomics, at least it's a living."

would never have intended to see published. It was a difficulty which I met particularly in the Diaries, by a blanket policy of publishing everything. There were many extraordinarily rude references to myself and other members of the family, both in the Diaries and in the Letters. My policy was to hide nothing simply on the grounds that it would have been rather a despicable thing to discriminate. We all write unkind jokes and even deeply wounding remarks about our best friends in circumstances where we do not expect them to read them. One just has to learn not to take offense. But I am sorry that people are using these references to embarrass you. The only policy in my experience is to rise above it all. One of the joys of journalism is that everybody forgets it within a week or two.

Mark Amory is a very old friend of mine, but of course he is a Liberal. His mother decided to stand as Liberal candidate while he was at Oxford, and the result is to be found in a little-read novel of mine called *Path of Dalliance* where she appears as Mrs. Sligger. I am sure that no malice is intended, merely the impulsive journalistic urge to make jokes.

Have you ever been to Combe Florey? I hope we may tempt you down here one day. I practically never move nowadays except for twice-yearly pilgrimages to the Far East, but it would be lovely to see you again, when you are in England. I was in Cuba two weeks ago and brooded on the terrible struggle in your breast between patriotism and appreciation of good cigars which you somehow solved by leaving a box of Cuban cigars in my house in Wiltshire. There is a fast train service from London if ever you are tempted.

All the best.

Yours ever,
Bron
[Auberon Waugh]

Dear Mr. Buckley:

When I asked for letters from Evelyn Waugh, I was indeed sent the complete set and I am sorry to have returned evil for good. I edited ruthlessly on grounds of interest or amusement, fairness coming a poor third. Certainly your relationship with Waugh was distorted as a result. His rudeness about you was clearly meant to cheer up Driberg, an old friend whose book you had criticized. My explanation will not seem strong to you but was for me: to put in corrective footnotes throughout would have been laborious, dull to read, and lead into the tricky, almost impossible, area of deciding how much of what Waugh said he meant.

You have my sympathy and my apologies for the resulting annoyance but I see that they are not much good to you.

Yours sincerely,
Mark Amory

Dear Auberon:

I attach this note to my letter [not here reproduced] to you, as I have just seen Mark Amory's letter, a copy of which I enclose. I have decided it doesn't require an answer.

As ever,
Bill

■ Note to Our Readers
Re: John Roche

It may be very good news for the Republic—no doubt it is—that John Roche has been appointed by President Reagan to membership in the General Advisory Committee of the Arms Control and Disarmament Agency.

It is very sad news for us, and for other readers of Mr. Roche's column, "A Word Edgewise." A condition of his appointment was that he would suspend writing the column, as Mr. Roche will be positively reeking with secrets. No one has written more sprightly and informed copy on foreign policy than John Roche, and we deeply, nay bitterly, regret the end of his feature.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Priscilla

The review on p. 913 of *The Devil's DP Dictionary*, a book about computers, emerged from our computer typesetter—so help me God—in the form we have decided to preserve. Who says computers are lifeless?

—WFB

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FROM
Washington

JOHN McLAUGHLIN
Straight

The Accession Of Shultz

CABINET government is once again alive and well in Ronald Reagan's Washington, I am happy to report, thanks to the evacuation of loner Al Haig from the Department of State, and the accession of team-player George Shultz. Foreign policy by consensus will be in vogue, with a new triumvirate, William Clark, George Shultz, and Cap Weinberger (in that order), Californians all, structuring the options for Ronald Reagan. Will our foreign-policy apparatus, so long in the thrall of the Eastern Establishment, finally get some fresh Western air? The chances, mavens here say, are fifty-fifty.

In Washington, when you are out, you are really out. One wanders through the corridors of Washington power like a beggar, searching for someone to hand out one kind word about Alexander Meigs Haig Jr. Everything that could be reported or deduced about Why Haig Quit has already been deduced, and deduced accurately, the three salient points being: 1) it had been brewing for a long while, longer in fact than anyone has hitherto reported; 2) it was due to a mosaic of causes, not a single *bêtise*; and 3) Haig's shortcomings were as much a matter of form as of substance.

Secretary Dullsville?

Not everyone is happy with Haig's replacement, however, least of all a number of conservative journalists who are letting go at Shultz with all available firepower. Totally uncharismatic, they say, Shultz is incapable of a TV appearance that would persuade anyone of anything. Shultz was the person, the conservative press pundits will remind you, who strapped the Philadelphia Plan to the backs of construction unions, played golf with George Meany, and peddled farfetched economic theorems. Shultz has never written a book, never uttered a phrase that anyone can remember, and is detentist to boot. Ronald Reagan's Cy Vance, Secretary Dullsville. So say the quick-on-the-trigger boys.

Conservative politicians in Washington (as opposed to much of the conservative media) are mercifully holding their fire. Sure we have misgivings about Shultz, they will say, but he is, after all, the President's choice. At a minimum, Shultz's pedestrian demeanor will get the Haigian backbiting and White House palace intrigue off the front pages.

Conservatives do have a legitimate fear about George Shultz: although he is not a man of illusions about the Soviets, he tends to view reality through the prism of an economist. Conservatives worry, therefore, that the economic perspective may dominate the defense, foreign-policy, and national-security perspectives. A fair worry.

But an opposite conclusion could be drawn from the same data. Shultz's experience, especially as Treasury Secretary, with his exposure to monetary policy, currency controls, interest rates, GATT, steel dumping, Ex-Im Bank credits, and such, will give him a more integrated view of reality and save him from some of the pitfalls. For example, Haig was gulled by the Western European allies' arguments that their economies, deprived of trade with the Soviets, would virtually collapse, which made it imperative that the Siberian pipeline go through with U.S. support. With his economic background, Shultz would know that Soviet trade, as a proportion of total Western European trade, is *de minimis*. The total two-way combined trade of France, Britain, and West Germany with the Soviets is about $11 billion annually, which is only a fraction over 1 per cent of the global two-way trades of these three allies ($835 billion). Conclusion? Haig's economic naïveté skewed his foreign policy into a pro-pipeline posture, one that Shultz's economic sophistication would have vetted and scorned.

President Reagan's own policy, now solidifying, is to deny the Soviets full access to American trade and, in so doing, to worsen their economic plight. This, in turn, will force Moscow to pay more attention to butter than guns, and make it less inclined to pick up Castro's bills in Cuba, Mengistu's in Ethiopia, and Assad's in Syria. Shultz sees the wisdom of this policy.

In the Middle East equation, Shultz would seem to be more aware than Haig of how essential Arab oil is to our economy and security. It is expected that Shultz will try to persuade the President, despite his affection for Israel (or because of it), that our Middle East policy must be geared to the best interests of the United States, which, increasingly, conflict with what the current Israeli administration perceives as Israel's interest. And, furthermore, that what the present Israeli government is doing in Lebanon is not in the long-range interest of Israel either. (The President himself is horrified at the massive bloodletting, devastation, and human dislocation in Lebanon.)

Latin American Plus

Latin America will be Mr. Shultz's major challenge, if for no other reason than that he has had little exposure to that region. The hope of internationalists here is that Shultz will defer to experts in State, like Tom Enders, who, when he is safely out of earshot of the tunnel-visioned Europeanists who surround him, will let you know that if we are to avoid another Vietnam we should either act with force and will in Central America or not get involved at all. As for the alienation of Latin America from the U.S. in the wake of the Falklands war, the big plus that Shultz has going in is Haig's going out. Haig is for Latins the symbol and agent of the rupture.

Given the above, conservatives might want to think twice about George Shultz, and not shoot from the hip. As an inside maneuverer, he is clever in knowing how to get things done in government (including Capitol Hill)—no mean skill, especially when you are trying to get a recalcitrant Congress to okay a $100-million add-on in foreign aid to El Salvador. Shultz is also a team player without turf hangups who can unselfconsciously draw on talent at, say, the NSC or wherever.

Lackluster? Yes. But why does Ronald Reagan need extra luster? □

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Is Lower Back Pain Making You An On-Again, Off-Again Cripple?

by Eugene Griffin

Read how one man freed himself from this crippling pain.

It happened aboard a Lufthansa flight to Frankfurt, Germany where I was going for a business meeting. The plane hit an air pocket and suddenly my back "went out."

If you've ever suffered from lower back pain, you know what this can mean. In my case, the stewardess *had to lead me off the plane* when we landed. "This is the first time this has happened?" she asked. When I told her no, she said:

"Oh, then you should have a Prosana Belt." She then told me she had lower back trouble, too, and without the Prosana Belt, she didn't think she could hold her job. "It practically saved my life!" she went on.

I'll be sure to get one, I told her. But what I was really thinking was how could a belt that helped her—a woman about 110 pounds—help a slightly overweight guy of six feet like me? Besides, I thought, I've tried practically everything short of an operation. So I went to my hotel room, took a hot bath, several aspirin and laid down for the night hoping for the best.

Couldn't get out of bed

The next morning the pain was worse than I could ever remember. *I had to roll out of bed onto my knees and crawl to a doorknob to get to my feet.* Again, I took a hot bath and some aspirin, but again, it didn't do much good. If I had been back home, I would have called and canceled the meeting. But here I was in Germany and scheduled for a meeting with five other businessmen *I* had set up. So there was nothing I could do but go through with it.

Lunch Included, Too!

The pain must have been apparent the moment I walked into the room because the first man I met smiled sympathetically and said, "You look like your back is bothering you." It is, I answered. "Haven't you heard of the Prosana Belt? he asked. I nodded yes. "And you don't *have* one?" he persisted. No, I said, continuing around the room, anxious only to get the meeting over with and go back home.

After the meeting, the man who asked me about the Prosana Belt suggested I join him for lunch. Since he was the key man on the deal, I accepted. But instead of driving me to the restaurant, he took me first to a surgical supply store where he bought me a Prosana Belt. I had no other choice but to put it on right there, though all I could think of after thanking him was to say, Is that it?

"That's it," he replied. " Now let us take a little walk to a nearby restaurant I know you'll enjoy."

The Most Amazing Walk Of My Life

If I had known the "little walk" was going to take almost a half hour, I never would have gone—business deal or no. But that was all part of his plan! Because by the time we reached the restaurant, *my pain was gone!* I even reached down and touched my shoelaces just to see if I wasn't imagining things. I can't believe it, I said. It's like a miracle. "Yes, I know," he answered, "I said the same thing when I first wore the Prosana Belt. Occasionally," he added, "I still say it, although any troublesome condition or pain that persists should be brought to the attention of your doctor."

Tested & Proved In Hospitals

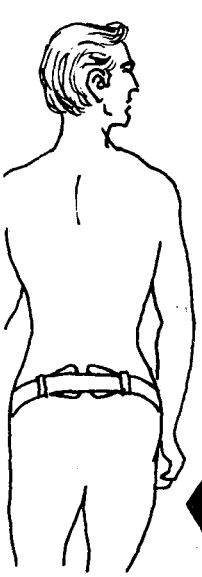
Over lunch my friend proceeded to tell me about the Prosana Belt. How it was invented by a doctor, tested and proved in hospitals and clinics; even on people so crippled with lower back pain, they had to wear steel braces! How it was, and is, used throughout Europe by tennis champions, Olympic bobsled medalists, soccer players—by all kinds of people who are constantly putting incredible strains and stresses on their backs. In fact, he concluded, its effectiveness has been so proven, *its purchase is included under Germany's national health coverage plan.*

Save $14.00! Special Free Trial Offer!

When I returned home, I told all my friends with bad backs about this marvelous belt. But when they tried to buy one, they found no one in the United States had even heard of it! So, I called my friend in Germany (incidentally, I got that order) and told him I'd like to import some Prosana Belts. He told me the cost of one *in Germany* was $44.00 in American money. Since I would have shipping costs, taxes, handling and so forth, I decided to see if I could make a special bulk importing deal with the manufacturer. And, I'm happy to add, I was able to. Yes, you can now try the Prosana Belt for only $29.95—$14.00 less than what you would pay in Germany. What's more...

You Can Prove Its Effectiveness To Yourself Risk-Free For 30 Days!

If you suffer lower back pain like me, you've probably tried every "cure" there is and so you're probably skeptical. Which is why I'm making this iron-clad, no-risk guarantee: If you're not convinced that the Prosana Belt relieves your lower back pain fast...that it works where other methods and devices have failed...that it lets you bend over, garden, do household chores, even play sports *pain-free*, I'll return your money *in full.*



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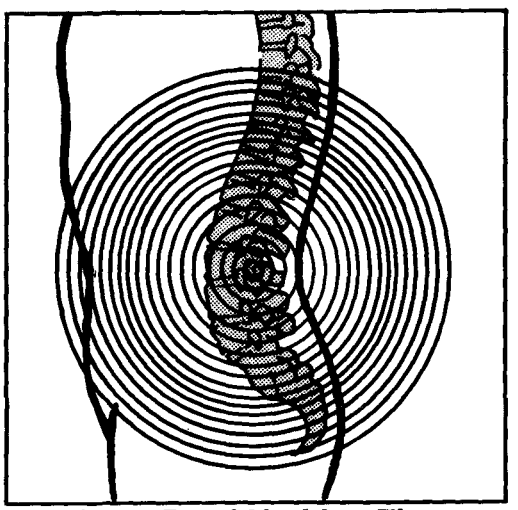
HERE'S HOW THE AMAZING PROSANA BELT WORKS. Every time you move or take a step, the up, down and sideways motion of the patented, orthopedic-designed "massaging pads" soothes away aches and pains almost like a chiropractor's hands. (Yet the Prosana Belt is invisible even under summer clothes. Soft, lightweight and washable, too, with no metal parts. And one size fits all!)



If You Read Nothing Else Read This Doctor's Report:

"I've turned from my initial skepticism, indeed rejection of the Prosana belt, to an eager proponent of it. I now have checked more than 40 cases from my practice and after studying a file with more than 100 statements, I have no doubts about the effectiveness of the belt." Dr. Ludwig Hecht

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Rollback, New Style

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

THE TERM "rollback," once fashionable, has dropped out of use. It had its moment of popularity in the days of John Foster Dulles, when the generation of cold-warriors in power in Eisenhower's Administration used it to show they were breaking away from the passive concept of "containment" rightly castigated by James Burnham, the originator of this column.

How the Soviet imperial presence in Eastern Europe was, in cold fact, to be rolled back was never explained. In the run-up to the Summit conference of July 1955 (which I covered as a working journalist, along with 2,999 other working journalists assembled in Geneva for the occasion), the current Western line was to call for free elections in East and West Germany, leading to reunification, the presumption being that the Easterners would choose freedom from Soviet oppression. On their side, the Russians said the two German governments, as then constituted, should just get together and reach their own formula, which was another way of holding onto what Stalin had grabbed right after World War II.

Then, just before the Summit, the Russians circulated the notion that they would allow "free" elections in Czechoslovakia and Hungary, leading to their "Titoization"—evidently in the hope that the Americans would be sufficiently reassured by such evidence of Soviet good will to pull their forces out of West Germany. If this idea had had any future, instead of being self-evidently stillborn, it would have meant a rollback in reverse—by the Americans instead of by the Russians.

Please recall that in those relatively simple days, all we had to worry us, in terms of Soviet imperialism, was the admittedly large empire Stalin had acquired in Eastern Europe. Later imperial acquisitions were undreamt of in the West. Even Cuba lay in the future, as did Angola and Mozambique. South Yemen, Ethiopia, and Afghanistan had not yet become imperial burdens to the Russians, and Nicaragua was still under the unpleasant, but apparently safe, dictatorship of Anastasio Somoza García.

Now the point is this: all seven of the countries just named have been incorporated into the Soviet empire since the Summit conference of 1955. So, too, have Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia; along with the mini-states of Grenada in the Caribbean and the Seychelles in the Indian Ocean. (True, Communist China has broken away from Soviet control, but Western rejoicing needs to be tempered by the thought that it remains a Communist tyranny and can scarcely be said to have joined the West.)

No Western Victory

Strategically, then, World War III continues to consist of Soviet victories. Of course, there have been many Soviet setbacks and reverses, *but not—so far—a single Western victory*. For each reverse or setback, however painful to the Soviet side at the time, merely constitutes a failure to achieve a further victory. It does not constitute a Western victory, except in the negative sense of avoiding yet another retreat.

Let me suggest some examples. When Sadat expelled 18,000 Soviet advisors in 1972, and when Siad Barre of Somalia did likewise with nine thousand in 1977, the West gained nothing and the Soviets lost nothing: they merely failed, in each case, to gain another satellite. The same was true of the overthrow of Allende in Chile in 1973, and of the defeat of the Tupamaros in Uruguay the previous year, and of the crushing of the Argentine ERP and Montoneros some years later.

The case for a rollback, new style, is powerful; for if there is no rollback, if the Soviets are allowed to continue their inexorable forward march, regardless of tactical setbacks, the West will find itself running out of places it can call its own. The global map will be short of places to color red. In other words, we shall face a stark choice between Finlandization or satellization, between degrees of subjection.

That is where the timidity, appeasement, and blunders (or stupidity) of Western leadership are leading us—ironically, at a time when the possibility that the empire will collapse is inherent in the economic and ideological bankruptcy of the system.

The paradoxical truth is that only Western credits at preferential interest rates, and transfers of high technology, keep the system going.

The trouble with rollback, Mark I, was that in the final analysis it was just too dangerous. Rollback, Mark II, would be far less dangerous or even not at all dangerous. Hungary was considered out of bounds for the West in 1956, as was Czechoslovakia in 1968, and Poland in 1981-82. Today Afghanistan is in the Czechoslovakia category: dangerous because contiguous. But the same restrictions do not apply to outlying provinces of the empire.

It will be encouraging if the government of El Salvador defeats the Communist rebels, but not enough: the situation would merely be a status quo ante bellum—a setback for the Russians but by no means a victory for the West.

If the Sandinistas were ousted from Nicaragua, *that* would be such a victory. If Fidel Castro were overthrown, we could chalk up a *major* victory.

How about Cabinda?

There are indeed easier targets. A particularly promising one is the Cabinda enclave, which by an accident of colonial history belongs to Angola but lies within Zaire. As it happens, the oil royalties from Cabinda alone save the Marxist regime of Angola from bankruptcy.

In Cabinda, as in Angola proper, there is a strong anti-Marxist resistance, lacking only arms and support. It would be relatively easy to oust the Marxists, including Cuba's colonial troops—although American intervention is presumably ruled out by the absurd (and still unrepealed) Clark Amendment.

Even a symbolic rollback would be good, for a start. Tiny Grenada (the Soviet Union's subsatellite, via Cuba) cries out for the rollback treatment. So do the tiny Seychelles, where South African "mercenaries" failed to oust the Marxist regime by a hair's breadth not long ago.

If we sincerely want to win "the war we are in," we had better start thinking sincerely about rollback, new style. □

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THE TERMS OF PRODUCTION

The Gnostic Fallacy

TOM BETHELL

If people are allowed to own things, exchange them, and set the terms of exchange themselves, then you have one type of economic system: misleadingly called capitalism. (Notice that capital is non-defining. Capital can also be accumulated in a slave state, although with greater difficulty.) On the other hand, if people are not allowed to own things—especially big things like factories—or exchange them without permission, or themselves set the terms of exchange, then you have another type of economic system: socialism.

For several centuries learned people in various countries have shared a similar dream, as follows. Government officials (with soldiers at their command) could decide what material goods people needed. Government-owned production facilities could then make these goods. And then government workers could distribute them to the people. It was that simple. Instead of competing with one another, people would cooperate. They wouldn't even need money any more. After work they would simply go to the government granaries and warehouses and help themselves to whatever they needed.

The Market Beacon

In France, in 1789, an attempt was made to implement the dream. Even the guillotine could not make it come true. Finally, in 1917, there was success. New Soviet man was born. Lenin set out to build a new society. But in 1920 (before the evidence had come in) the Austrian economist Ludwig von Mises explained why the system in practice wouldn't work. There were many obvious problems. If leaders have tyrannical power, what is to prevent them from becoming tyrants? What incentive (other than tyranny) will encourage people to work, if they are to be fed regardless? But Mises pointed out something so unexpected that Marx and Engels in all their voluminous writings had not devoted one paragraph to it.

The money system that gives us wages and competition also permits information to be transmitted efficiently in the form of prices, Mises said. One of the main problems with the socialist vision described above is: how does the central planning authority find out what people really do want? It is difficult, time-consuming, and costly to gather up such information and transmit it any distance. From beacons called "markets," however, prices do effectively transmit this information in two directions—disclosing opportunities to producers and costs to consumers. Without these price beacons an economy operates "blind," supply and demand blundering about, unable to find one another in the dark.

Mises had here come up with one of the great economic insights of the twentieth century. It was soon proved true in the Soviet Union, and then in every other socialist economy. Producers therein, lacking prices and markets, were unable to make things that people wanted. Strangely enough Karl Marx, who had not suspected the existence of this problem, lived on in Western textbooks as one of the giants of economics; Mises is scarcely a footnote.

The reason is that the socialist ideal retains a tremendous appeal for intellectuals—an appeal that is undiminished by its practical failure. On the contrary, the failure of socialist economies to produce consumer goods actually proves that they are "moral." They are not "consumer societies."

The conceit persists that important people have more information at their fingertips than everyone else in society put together. The latter-day version of the old dream goes like this—and ironically Democrats are more likely to dream it today than Republicans: there is a board-room table, and around it sit wise men such as Felix Rohatyn, Walter Mondale, Paul Tsongas, a lawyer and a statistician or two, and probably Robert Heilbroner for good measure. They are in possession of . . . Knowledge (gnosis). It is a great shining nugget of data, which they pass around among themselves, polishing it and refining it.

Lie Still, Prices!

Then the oracles speak: Growth sectors will be identified, capital will flow in this direction, away from that. (Lemon socialism? Good heavens, no!) Prices will be ordered to lie still. Unions will cooperate, new taxes will be levied, new jobs will be created. Politics will be subordinated to professionalism. Freedoms will be temporarily restricted, but, recognizing the superior wisdom of the Round Table, the public will gladly go along. And so there will be a new era of cooperation.

In the nineteenth century the transfer of power to intellectuals was disguised by mystification about "the proletariat." No one believes that any more. Workers want to lead their own lives, make their own decisions, spend their own money. That is one reason why socialism, today stripped of its proletarian trappings, must appear in new rhetorical dress.

Admittedly, in the Old World a François Mitterrand can speak the plain truth: "The nation must entrust its future to the most intelligent in order for society to succeed" (as he said in a recent interview). But in the New World politicians must be more artful. That is why we are beginning to hear about "neoliberals" and "cooperative regionalism," about "new industrial policy," "reindustrialization," and (from those further to the left) about "economic democracy." Be on your guard if you hear any of these phrases, because behind them lurks the old vision of a new society: expressed in literary form by Thomas More, and in literal form by Lenin. □

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LESSONS OF THE FALKLANDS

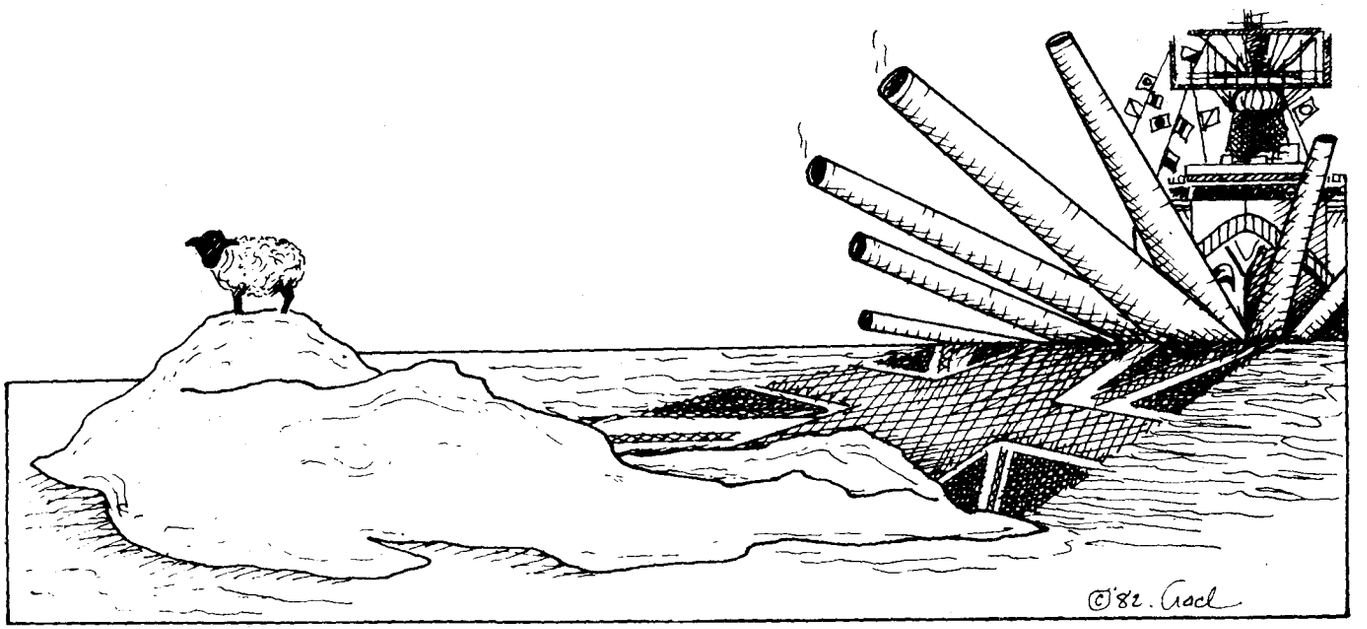
A British Historian's *Meditations*

ALISTAIR HORNE

SHORTLY AFTER his resignation (which I personally continue to regard as one of the saddest casualties of the war), Lord Carrington drew my attention to a tract written by Dr. Johnson about an earlier Falkland Islands crisis, just over two centuries ago. Spanish frigates from Buenos Aires had chased the British out, but Britain had returned—by diplomatic pressure and without bloodshed. The dispute, boomed Dr. Johnson, was "A Contention for a few spots of earth, which, in the deserts of the Ocean had almost escaped human notice." He opposed going to war over them, and I must admit—back in April—I shared something of Dr. Johnson's reluctance; being (as I still am) deeply concerned about the long-term injuries to the Western Alliance and to the relations of both the U.S. and Britain with Latin America as a whole. Since Britain's sparkling military success, many here who openly doubted its prospects two months ago are now saying they never questioned Mrs. Thatcher's wisdom for a moment! All very human; but I feel I must come clean and admit that I also had grave reservations about the feasibility of pulling off a D-Day operation eight thousand miles away amid the Antarctic winter.

Whatever political and diplomatic doubts one may still harbor, however, there can be no doubting the military achievement of the campaign just concluded. To use Mrs. Thatcher's own jubilant words, it has been "a remarkable operation, boldly planned, bravely executed, and brilliantly accomplished." In terms of human losses, Britain suffered 255 killed in the Falklands. Most of her casualties occurred in the grievous naval sinkings caused by Argentine air attacks, while only 17 were killed during the land battle for Goose Green, and 31 during the final push on Port Stanley. Although the Argentinians' casualties were relatively much higher, with 250 at Goose Green alone, their total killed seems to have been somewhere around seven hundred, certainly less than a thousand. Three British civilians were also killed during the shelling of Stanley. Of course, the cost in cash has been high—now estimated around $1.75 billion, or about $1 million per head of the Falkland Islanders. And of course the bill will continue to grow until a permanent settlement is achieved.

At the risk of making a fool of oneself by leaping to premature conclusions, it may already be worth while to sketch



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out a balance sheet of the reasons for the British success, as well as the reverses, and to identify some of the lessons to be derived from the Falklands. To begin with, the joint services' planning must have been superlative, especially when one considers the speed with which the operation took place. To get together a task force of one hundred ships; to take the world's biggest liner off a cruise, weld a helicopter deck onto it, and pack it with three battalions of troops; then to land them all within two months of the Argentine invasion on islands eight thousand miles away held by a garrison superior in numbers, and with air superiority, in appalling weather conditions, was little short of miraculous.

Equally miraculous was the way in which Britain's three ace cards—the *QE2* and the two aircraft carriers, the *Hermes* (ancient) and the *Invincible* (small)—were deployed out of harm's way from the deadly Argentine air force. The sinking of any one of the three would probably have torpedoed the whole expedition. The decision to take South Georgia first, and use it as a safe rendezvous, was as inspired as the choice of San Carlos for the first landing. Because San Carlos lay in the dangerous narrows of Falkland Sound, choosing it achieved total surprise, and thereby avoided the kind of D-Day casualties dreaded in Britain, although the Royal Navy paid dearly. In fact not one paratrooper or commando was lost at San Carlos; while the bridgehead there effectively isolated the garrisons both on West Falkland and on Goose Green from the main Argentine stronghold at Port Stanley.

Although the Ministry of Defense has been appropriately reticent about this, to my mind the skill of the planners (and perhaps particularly the speed with which the *QE2* and *Canberra* cruise liners were got into commission) strongly suggests that they must have been working to a prefabricated contingency blueprint, probably drawn up to meet an emergency in the Persian Gulf. On the other hand, it has to be conceded that the Argentine General Staff's deployment of its land forces on the Falklands was very poor. Much as one might wish to save the Argentinians excessive humiliation, it might be better for them to be fully apprised of the criminal callousness with which the junta sent 17-year-old draftees to the Falkland Islands, and then abandoned them there in appalling conditions. The boastful army commander, Brigadier Menendez, certainly deserved to be shot—*pour encourager les autres*—for so readily relinquishing his positions atop the high ground protecting Stanley. No wonder he is said to have requested not to be returned to Buenos Aires! Although the Argentine soldiers put up a hard fight once or twice, in general the contrast between them and the skillful and outstandingly brave pilots of the Argentine air force was conspicuous.

When it comes to training and use of equipment, the British landing force had a noteworthy advantage. The paras and Marine commandos had trained extensively in northern Norway, and were therefore acclimatized to the terrain. They had evidently learned the lessons of past disasters like Gallipoli, Salerno, and Anzio, and got off the beaches in record time. Their speed of movement over impossible country, assisted with helicopters, but largely on foot, was remarkable. Green Beret-type forces, like the SAS and the Special Boat Services, were skillfully employed to harass, reconnoiter, and infiltrate enemy positions. But possibly the most successful technique the British forces used to dislodge dug-in Argentine troops, while suffering minimal losses, was the night attack. The British forces were equipped with the latest NATO infra-red sights and laser guidance systems, and they proved extremely effective. At the same time, however, a successful night attack requires the highest level of competence and training.

The British evidently learned the lessons of Gallipoli, Salerno, and Anzio, and got off the beaches in record time

Here lies probably one of the most important lessons of the campaign—namely, the superiority of a highly trained professional force of regulars over a conscript army. One can be sure that the message is being keenly studied by NATO countries with largely conscript armies—and particularly by Mitterrand's France, where the draft has long been a political football anyway. This professionalism of the British forces, as well as their capacity to fight after so long and rough a sea voyage, was undoubtedly underestimated by the junta.

The sea and air war, the first major encounter of this sort since 1945, poses a whole new range of questions which will be examined most intensively by all world powers—not least Britain—and doubtless many different answers will emerge. One immediate conclusion might be one that Admiral "Bull" Halsey would have offered during the Pacific war; namely, that planes sink ships, and that to protect ships, or launch an amphibious operation, you have to have aircraft carriers. But, given the remarkable showing of the jump-jet Sea Harrier and the frightening appearance of the Exocet missile, do you need several baby carriers the size of the 19,500-ton *Invincible* or smaller, or one or two costly mammoths like the 93,405-ton *Nimitz*? With all that aviation fuel aboard, carriers are, by definition, even more inflammable (and they are not much more heavily armored) than light destroyers or frigates; thus, recalling the fire disaster aboard the *Forrestal* caused by crew error, rather than enemy missiles, the fate of the *Sheffield* may be studied as anxiously in the Pentagon as in Whitehall. Ironically, the vessels most likely to shrug off Exocet hits would be those heavily armored old battleships, the *New Jersey* and the *Iowa*, whose de-mothballing has provoked so much derision; and what their 16-inch guns would have done to the morale of the Argentine defenders, in comparison to the 4.5s of the British destroyers, defies the imagination. (See also "Lessons of Naval Warfare" by Damian Housman, p. 894.)

Sitting in England, I remember thinking that the day the news came through that one of our nuclear Hunter-Killer subs had sunk the *Belgrano*, and outside the Exclusion Zone, was the blackest day of the war. Two days later the historic destruction of the *Sheffield* took place, and one wondered whether the courageous Argentine pilots would have pressed their attacks quite so ruthlessly had it not been

Mr. Horne, author of The Price of Glory: Verdun 1916, A Savage War of Peace: Algeria 1954-62, *and* Small Earthquake in Chile, *is currently writing the official biography of Harold Macmillan.*

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If there is one naval power that has little comfort to derive from the Falklands' lessons, it must be the USSR

for the sinking of the *Belgrano* and its huge loss of life. In any event, the two related sinkings marked the entry into warfare of two new and untried weapons: the nuclear Hunter-Killer submarine, capable of staying submerged endlessly, hard to detect and destroy; and the wave-skimming missile that can destroy a ship when released beyond its radar range. The sinister, shadowy, and unseen threat of perhaps three British nuclear subs kept the Argentine fleet penned up in port throughout the battle; while a few more Exocets with their mother planes might have turned triumph into total disaster for the British.

The terrible fire which destroyed the *Sheffield* has already made the Royal Navy look closely at the design and fireproofing of some of its ships, and rush ahead with a new generation of anti-missile missiles, like the Sea Wolf. Just to replace *HMS Sheffield*, one sunk destroyer, will cost $225 million; which, incidentally, at 1914 prices would have more than paid for *the whole combined battle fleets of Britain and Kaiser Wilhelm*, when capital ships cost a mere $4 million apiece. Though only marginally relevant, the comparison does say something both about inflation and about the cost of modern high-technology hardware. The shooting on the Falklands had barely ended when the British naval lobby was to be found clamoring for the blood of Defense Secretary Nott, under whose cuts, ironically, two-thirds of the Falklands Task Force would have disappeared within the next year—including both aircraft carriers. At the same time, distinguished military thinkers like the ex-Chief of Defense Staff, Field Marshal Carver, are urging more Hunter-Killer subs, as opposed to carriers. The outcome may well be the abandonment of *Trident*, and thus of Britain's nuclear deterrent, in order to finance the re-flation of Britain's conventional naval weapons.

If there is one naval power, however, that has little comfort to derive from the Falklands' naval lessons, it must be the USSR. With no aircraft carriers and a vast investment in surface craft, her navy now looks peculiarly vulnerable to sophisticated Western missiles like the Exocet.

In the air, the British Harrier has probably proved itself to be one of the most successful weapons since 1945. In the early days, the U.S. Marines who flew Harriers had difficulty managing these jump-jets that can take off vertically and emulate the flight of a hummingbird, and only a few months back the sages here gloomed that prolonged exposure to Antarctic weather would gum up the Sea Harriers. In the event, they proved astonishingly serviceable, and, by keeping them repeatedly on missions, Admiral Woodward —with only twenty Harriers and at 10 to 1 odds—went far toward countering the threat of Argentine air superiority. The Harriers apparently accounted for one-third of Argentina's heavy air losses, while, out of eight Harriers destroyed, three were lost in accidents, and *none* in air combat. When attacked by much faster Argentine Mirages, the Harriers were saved by their capacity to "Viff" (Vectoring in Forward Flight)—i.e., to clamp on the brakes and jink up or down. Once the much less maneuverable Mirage had passed by, the Harrier would place itself on the tail of the enemy plane and destroy it with a heat-seeking missile. One of the navy pilots described the Harrier in action as "a winner," and it is reported that another 140 have been ordered by the United States. At less than $10 million apiece, they seem good value alongside the costly and heavy F-15s.

Rather less successful were British bombing efforts to knock out the runway at Port Stanley. The problems here seem to have been due to radar deficiency and faulty intelligence on the bombing results. At the same time, one of the worst British reverses—the bombing of the landing ships in Bluff Cove which killed fifty Welsh Guardsmen—was reportedly facilitated by portable U.S. Westinghouse radar units which the British guns and Harriers had been unable to pinpoint. Thus, in a variety of ways, the Falklands fighting has indicated a triumph of the lightweight new high-tech weaponry. Heavy tanks had no role in the soggy bogs, and even if they had been usable they would have been easy prey to infantry rocket launchers. Ever since the last major tank battle, in the Yom Kippur War of 1973, the odds against the main battle tank have been steadily lengthening in favor of the determined, well-trained infantryman operating the latest generation of anti-tank missile.

Despite the extreme frustration of the pressmen with the Task Force, the British operation was undoubtedly much aided by the rigid clampdown on news. In marked contrast to Vietnam, there was no live television from the battlefront, and, on the few occasions (such as at Bluff Cove) when excessively realistic accounts of the agony of British wounded leaked through, the impact on morale at home was noticeable. I have often reflected that, had there been live TV coverage in World War II, there would have been no D-Day +1; while in World War I, fighting would have been called off some time before the Battle of the Marne, and we would all now be speaking the language of the less squeamish Germans.

Another factor that helped the British prevail more than anyone in either Westminster or Washington would care to admit, for diplomatic reasons, was the scale of the American supply backup through Ascension Island. Without this the Task Force would simply have been unable to operate. Considering the potential damage to her own interests in Latin America, U.S. support for Britain was a singularly noble decision for a government to take; so too, though somewhat more grudging, was the backing given by the EEC. In the long run, one can only hope that the possible wounds received will be counterbalanced by a new spirit of common cause within NATO, and in Britain's relations with the EEC.

Finally, one needs to mention the factor of morale. Every report, both from the Task Force on its long and tedious outward voyage, and from the battlefront itself, suggests that it was excellent throughout. So too was it at home—even, occasionally, within the ranks of the Labor Party. Those notoriously bolshie characters, the dockyard "maties," worked with extraordinary zeal to convert and turn around the *Canberra* and *QE2*—a kind of World War II sense of urgency that was paralleled in the shipyards' working overtime to complete new warships like the $400-million *Illustrious*, Britain's latest anti-submarine carrier. But morale comes down from the top, and certainly Mrs. Thatcher's

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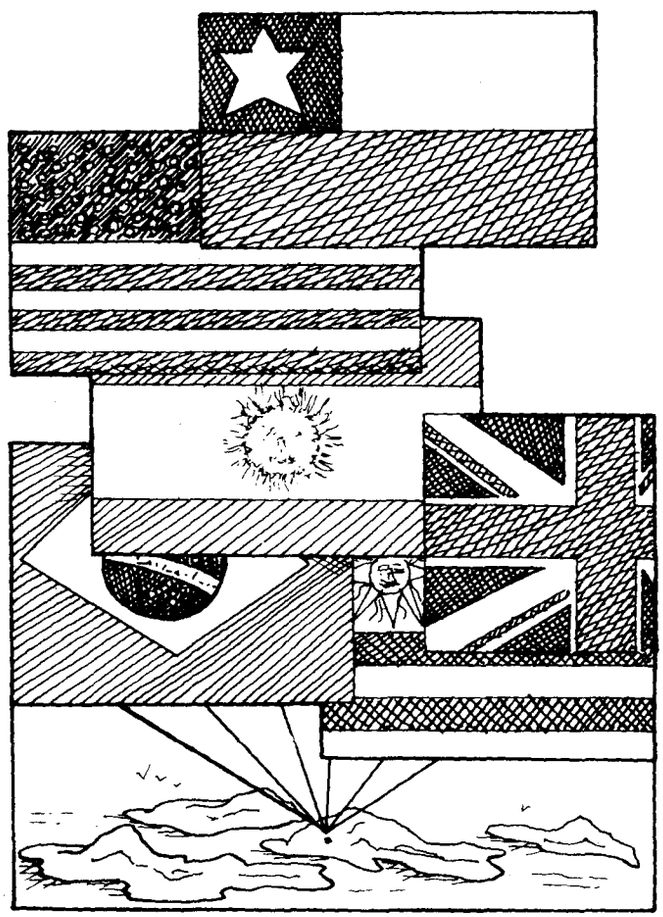
simple, iron determination to act on principle has been both steadying, and infectious. She has also shown an unprecedented capacity for taking advice—from her service chiefs, and even from her veteran predecessor, 88-year-old Harold Macmillan, whom she called in for two hours to tell her how to run a War Cabinet (and she followed his recommendations).

One of Britain's brightest retired generals, Sir John Hackett, once remarked to the U.S. Air Force Academy that limited wars "are far more likely to be productive of moral strains . . . than the great wars of the past." True. Though from time to time she may have frightened some of us by echoing the worst sentiments of her jingoist backbenches, Mrs. Thatcher's good nerves have reduced these "moral strains" to a minimum. By comparison one has only to recall what a neurotic Eden did to Britain's collective will during Suez. Mrs. Thatcher may not have proved to be Britain's most successful Prime Minister on the domestic front; but, by Jingo, she has done well as a war leader!

What of future plans for dealing with the still far from resolved crisis of the Falklands? One of the most worrying factors must be whether, through a brilliant military victory, we have only created an Alsace-Lorraine in Latin America. A distinguished Chilean journalist, with no love for her arrogant neighbors, wrote me that what most disturbed her was that the Argentinians who are now ten to 17 years old would be filled with anti-British emotions for the rest of their lives. As a Chilean she should know: just over a hundred years ago Chile, in the War of the Pacific, defeated Peru and Bolivia and detached hunks of their territory; now every time Chile seems in difficulties, bombastic talk about the "lost territories" emanates from Lima or La Paz. On the other hand, at least two good things have emerged from the conflict. One is the invaluable military experience gained by Britain, which will no doubt prove of great value to her NATO allies (as will the moral encouragement that she still has the guts to face up to aggression). The second is, at long last, an opening of British eyes to Latin America as a whole, plus an awareness of its importance to us as well as to the United States.



In the political chaos at present enveloping Argentina, it is hard to predict what attitudes will crystallize there, and —not least because of the Argentinians' behavior during the occupation of the Falklands—Mrs. Thatcher has had to make it plain that there will be no place for any Argentine administration of the islands. Yet what is encouraging is the width of political feeling here—ranging from the SDP's David Owen (who has been excellent throughout the crisis) to some of the Tory right-wingers—that a solution must be found within the Latin American context. If for no other reason than the risks the U.S. ran to aid us, it is hoped that the British government will also be heeding of Washington's voice.

Clearly neither Britain nor NATO can afford an endless siphoning-off of British defense efforts into the South Atlantic. In the past few weeks there has increasingly been talk, and thoughtful talk, about eventually providing security for the Falklanders, while at the same time satisfying at least some of Argentina's aspirations, inside the framework of a "SATO" (South Atlantic Treaty Organization). The theme —which I strongly support—runs somewhat as follows: the Falklands should be "decolonialized," and thereby granted sufficient autonomy from London to decide on their own defense arrangements. They would then (somewhat like Iceland and Keflavik) lease a base to a newly created SATO. The new organization would comprise the South American powers geographically concerned—Chile, Brazil, Uruguay, and in due course Argentina—plus the U.S. and Britain. (It is even suggested that New Zealand and Australia, as Antarctic powers, be included.) Thus the Falkland Islanders would be protected against all comers, and Argentina would gain that crucial symbol—a flag on Las Malvinas—as well as being brought back into the comity of nations.

But perhaps more important in the long run, with the future of the Panama Canal increasingly in doubt, the U.S. would deny a key stronghold to possible Soviet expansionism; and the Western Hemisphere would be concerted in defense against any such threat. To return to my Chilean journalist friend: she asked, making my blood run cold *before* the British re-occupation, "Has anybody thought what would happen if Argentina goes broke and rents the Falklands to Russia?" Indeed, if one thing emerged with frightening clarity during the Falklands conflict, it is that the only net gainer was the Soviet Union. To seek out her true motives one had but to analyze her cynical support—so reminiscent of the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact of 1939 which doomed Poland—of a fascist regime in Buenos Aires. Let us hope that Latin America can now be persuaded that the true "colonialist" threat to the hemisphere continues to come, not from Britain, nor the U.S., but from Moscow and Havana. As U.S. Lieutenant General Wallace Nutting is quoted as saying, the Falklands battle was "the wrong war in the wrong place at the wrong time with the wrong participants." □

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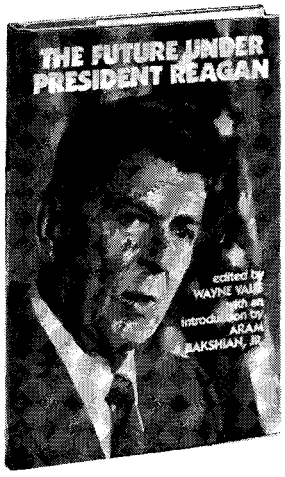

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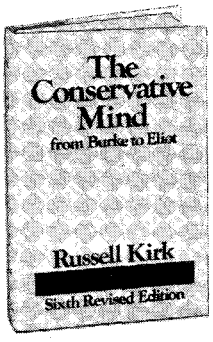

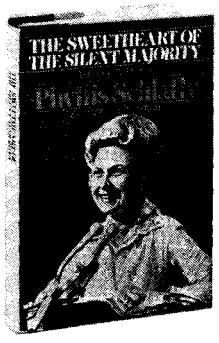

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Contrasts

The barracks speak, and Argentines
See other faces on their screens
  As failure takes its toll.
In Stanley, subjects of the Queen
Assemble on the village green
  And take another poll.

W. H. VON DREELE

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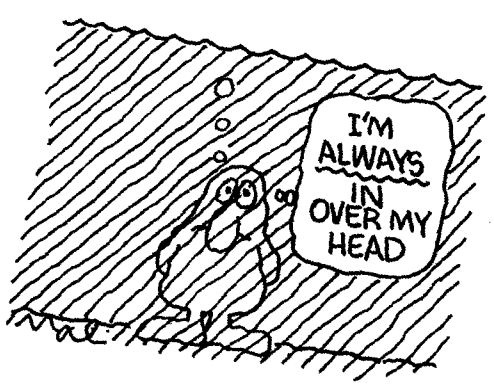
"I've had it with hanging in."



GORRELL 1982 THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

"So then I said, 'Please, Comrade, we beg you...give us a FREEZE!'"

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TECHNOLOGICAL ANALYSIS

After the Falklands: Should America alter its naval strategy?
Are smaller aircraft carriers better than larger ones?
Are surface ships the wave of the past?
These aren't the lessons to be drawn from the Falklands

Lessons of Naval Warfare

DAMIAN HOUSMAN

EVEN MORE SURE than was Britain's victory in the Falklands is the appearance of self-proclaimed defense "experts" who will direct our attention to the "lessons learned" from the war, and how our defense policies should be adjusted to accommodate themselves to these newly discovered facts. These armchair admirals will receive plenty of publicity, thanks to the major media. They will not be named here. They will be recognized by their attitude toward the shipbuilding program of the U.S. Navy, and particularly by their attitude toward large, nuclear-powered aircraft carriers.

Already we are seeing the opening salvos of the attack. The points being made are these: Surface ships of all kinds are too vulnerable to submarines and missiles to risk sending them where those weapons are likely to be employed; we should therefore build many more submarines and missiles, and fewer large aircraft carriers. Smaller aircraft carriers in larger numbers make more sense; the loss of one is not a multi-billion-dollar disaster. Recommissioning battleships such as the *USS New Jersey* will only provide an enemy with a large and expensive target.

Press reports tend to corroborate these theories. Indeed, the British took terrible losses at sea—four warships and one merchantman sunk—from aircraft and modern precision guided missiles in the hands of what many regard as a fourth-rate military power. The Argentinians, for their part, lost a World War II-era cruiser to torpedoes launched by a sophisticated nuclear-powered submarine. The actual results of battle seemed to demonstrate the obsolescence of all surface ships in an age of ever more lethal weapons in the hands of any country in the world with the money to pay for them. If true, a massive redirection of our naval strategy and procurement is called for.

The facts are much more complex than that. Let us first address the sinking of the Argentine cruiser, the *General Belgrano*. Though frequently referred to in the media as a "battle cruiser," she was built as the *USS Phoenix*, a "light cruiser," just before World War II. She had little in common with the battleship *USS New Jersey* in size (the *New Jersey* displaces five times the tonnage of the *General Belgrano*), armament (the *New Jersey* has 16-inch guns and will have Harpoon and Tomahawk cruise missiles, plus four Phalanxes, a highly effective anti-missile gun system, while the *General Belgrano* had 6-inch guns and the modest Sea Cat surface-to-air missile system), electronic defenses (the *New Jersey* will have sophisticated WLR-8, SLQ-32, and SRBOC electronic warfare and chaff systems, while the *General Belgrano* had nothing), or armor protection (the *New Jersey* has the most belt and deck armor ever put on an American ship, and has anti-torpedo bulges to cause detonation of torpedoes before they can strike the hull; the *General Belgrano* had little armor and no anti-torpedo bulges). In other words, the only similarity between the two ships is that they both fought in World War II.

The loss of the *General Belgrano* cannot be attributed to its size, or to any theoretical general obsolescence of surface warships. The Argentine navy simply committed the unpardonable sin of putting a high-value ship to sea without an anti-submarine-warfare (ASW) escort. They got what they deserved. On the other hand, the British would simply have loved to have the 16-inch guns of the *New Jersey* hammering Argentine positions around Port Stanley, instead of the anemic 4.5-inch guns of their destroyers. I have never heard a Marine, U.S. or Royal, say that he would not want the support of 16-inch guns for an assault.

A more challenging question is that of the survivability of surface ships at a time when any nation can, for a pittance, arm itself with anti-ship missiles which can turn a fighting ship into an inferno in an instant. If it is true that there is no defense against these missiles, then it follows that the only thing a surface ship accomplishes is to offer a target for these sophisticated, yet fairly inexpensive, weapons. The larger and more expensive the ship, the more uneven the exchange: in the Falklands, a million dollars' worth of missiles sank a billion dollars' worth of ships. Worse still, some ships were lost to ordinary "iron" bombs, dropped by A-4 Skyhawks flying directly over their targets. With results like these, how can we justify a six-hundred-ship Navy, composed largely of expensive sitting ducks? And with a price tag of several billion dollars for each carrier battle group, can we afford to continue along such a disastrous course?

What we saw in the Falklands was the result of many years of skimping on defense budgets on the part of the British government. British sailors paid a high price for the mistakes of the predecessors of Prime Minister Thatcher. The absence of large-deck aircraft carriers in the British fleet (the last one was the *Ark Royal*, and depending on your brand you may have shaved with it this morning) restricts the fleet

Mr. Housman, head of D. Housman Associates, is a Washington-based national security consultant.

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to the use of helicopters and Harrier V/STOL (vertical/short take-off and landing) jets from the much smaller *Hermes* and *Invincible*. The Harrier is a fairly capable ground-attack aircraft, and we have bought over seventy for our own Marine Corps, but it was never meant to defend the fleet against aircraft and missiles. With limited range and in limited numbers, capable of firing only guns and heat-seeking missiles, the Harriers, and by implication the aircraft carriers which can deploy nothing else, are clearly not capable of taking on an unlimited commitment to both ground attack and fleet defense.

Argentine planes and missiles got through the Harriers not simply because the Harrier is a limited aircraft, but because the number of planes which can be carried by the *Hermes* and the *Invincible* is so inadequate. Put in perspective, the combined total for the two British carriers is about forty Harriers. The United States has 13 carriers, each of which can operate as many as one hundred aircraft. And the larger U.S. carriers have far more capable planes (and a far more effective mix of planes) than the Harrier. The British would have given their right arm to have some of the F-14s (fleet air defense), F-4s (air defense and attack), A-6s (all-weather attack), A-7s (light attack), E-2s (radar surveillance), S-3s (ASW), EA-6s (electronic warfare), and other special-purpose planes which are the standard menu aboard our carriers. Together they provide an integrated defense against any air, surface, or subsurface threat within 450 nautical miles. That defensive capability includes an awesome offensive punch, commonly referred to as "force projection."

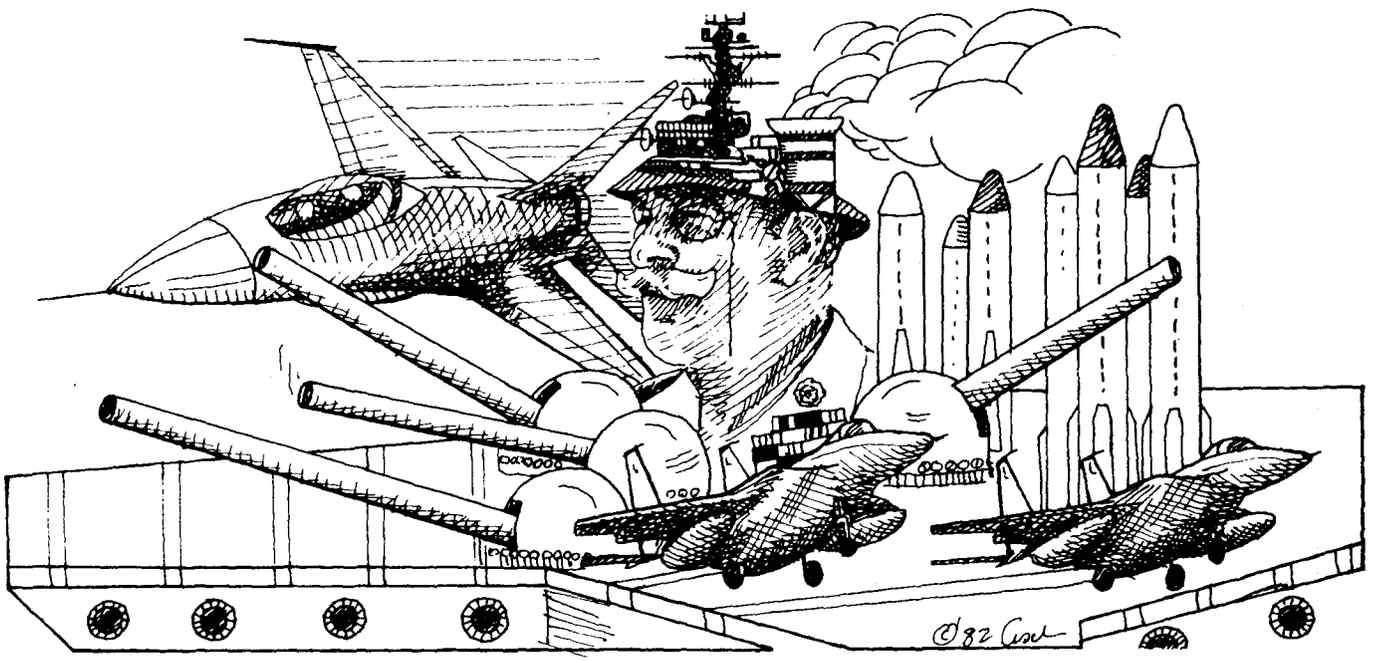
We recall last summer's incident in the Gulf of Sidra, when two Libyan fighters made the fatal mistake of attacking two American F-14s. Scratch two Libyan fighters. What most people don't know is that the Libyans had sent scores of sorties to harass our fleet, and not one of them approached our ships without a restraining escort of F-14s. It is highly probable that if it had been our fleet in the South Atlantic, no Argentine aircraft would have gotten closer than fifty miles to our ships. Probably not a single hit would have been scored, and not one ship would have been sunk. All those sailors dead or wounded, and not a whisper in the press about the incredible decision just a few years ago to get rid of the large-deck aircraft carriers!

The British had to operate with the forces they had, not the forces they wished they had. The absence of suitable aircraft in sufficient numbers for fleet defense was only part of the problem. Across the board, the British lack the sort of defense in depth which is required to handle a force-projection mission.

After the fleet-defense aircraft/large-deck carrier, the greatest deficiency the British exhibited was a shortage of close-in weapons systems (CIWS) to permit each ship to defend itself against those missiles and aircraft which made it through the other defenses of the fleet. The press gave the impression that that would have been a futile effort. The press is short on facts here as well. Excellent point defense systems are feasible, and a few of the ships engaged in the Falklands action actually had them. The problem was that these Sea Wolf missile systems, which can knock down missiles or planes attacking a ship no matter how low they fly, were in very short supply. Only two of these highly capable systems were sent with the British forces originally, though that number was later increased to five. While we cannot know exactly how many missiles or planes were brought down by Sea Wolf, we do know that not a single Sea Wolf-equipped ship was seriously damaged by the Argentinians, despite several large and determined air attacks.

Electronic warfare is another area in which the British require improvement. Radar emissions from aircraft and missiles were not detected in time to provide sufficient warning of an attack. Also, electronic countermeasures, such as jamming and chaff, were not totally effective. In a naval battle, forcing a missile to head for an empty point in space is of just as much benefit to a ship under attack as destroying it with guns or missiles. The "soft kill" of electronic warfare must be integrated with the "hard kill" of planes, missiles, and guns for an effective defense of the fleet on the modern sea battlefield.

We have known of the seriousness of the anti-ship missile threat for at least 15 years. It was in 1967 that the Israeli destroyer *Eilat* was sunk by Soviet-built missiles fired by the



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One hit destroyed the Sheffield. In contrast, in 1969 nine Mk 82 bombs exploded on the flight deck of the USS Enterprise. The Enterprise not only survived, but resumed the launch and recovery of aircraft within hours

Egyptians. Why then, after all this time, did Britain not have an effective counter at sea with *all* its combatant ships? Because a parade of British governments found it expedient to make economies in the defense budget. The result was fewer air, ground, and naval units, and units that were less than fully prepared for the rigors of modern warfare.

The U.S. Navy is in somewhat better shape, though we have suffered from an attack of the same budget economies that have afflicted the British defense effort. We do have several large-deck aircraft carriers, which, together with their escort, provide very effective defensive and offensive firepower against a wide variety of threats. The F-14, with its beyond-visual-range missiles, and the E-2C "mini-AWACS" radar plane extend air-defense coverage several hundred miles. At the same time, S-3 ASW planes and sonar arrays provide coverage of the threat below the waves. Aircraft and missiles which penetrate the outer screen must then contend with SM-1 and SM-2 "Standard" surface-to-air missiles in the central defense area, plus electronic countermeasures provided by EA-6B aircraft and the ships themselves. Those few threats which still survive must get through point defense systems such as the NATO Seasparrow missile system and the Phalanx automatic cannon system. Penetrating submarines must fend off our own attack submarines, as well as ASW helicopters and torpedoes. If a submarine manages to fire torpedoes, underwater countermeasure systems are designed to confuse their guidance.

These overlapping layers of defense present an attacker with a difficult task, whether he is mounting an aerial or an underwater offensive (or both). This is precisely the capability Britain lacks, now that she has no large carriers. This capability cannot possibly be provided by a battle group at whose nucleus are two carriers of such limited capacity as the *Hermes* and the *Invincible*. Some planes and missiles will inevitably get through. That should stress the importance of fleetwide availability of reliable means of defeating the "leakage," and this must include a very reliable close-in weapons system such as Sea Wolf. Unfortunately, Sea Wolf is in very short supply in the Royal Navy.

Our own CIWS, Phalanx, is a highly capable system. Its radar searches the area around the ship for incoming threats. When one is found, it rapidly brings a fast-firing 20-mm cannon to bear on the target, and opens fire. The radar tracks both the incoming threat and the outgoing bullets, and corrects as necessary. It has a high probability of kill, is not expensive as modern weapons go, is fairly small and light, does not require extensive integration with other ship systems, and, while sophisticated, is simple in operation. So simple, in fact, that once some basic parameters are entered, operating it is much like turning on a light bulb. Though it goes through its ammunition supply in a hurry and has a limited range, the primary shortcoming of Phalanx is that we do not have enough of them. Only about one hundred have been delivered so far. When this is set against the requirements of our current fleet (not to speak of our projected six-hundred-ship fleet), bearing in mind that each frigate or destroyer needs one Phalanx, each cruiser needs two, and each battleship or carrier needs three or four—and also considering the desirability of having extras available for the Reserve fleet and merchantmen pressed into convoy duty—it is plain that we are far short of the numbers we need.

Inevitably, despite the best integrated and overlapping system, hits will be scored on ships. The fact that the *HMS Sheffield* was hit by an Exocet missile means that small size is no defense for a ship, any more than the larger size of the *Hermes* or for that matter the *USS Nimitz* is automatically a magnet for missiles. If it is hit, however, the larger ship stands a far higher chance of survival and continued operation than a smaller ship. *Nimitz*-class carriers have not only size, but considerable armor, watertight compartmentation, and damage-control systems, making them by far the most survivable class of ships afloat. One hit destroyed the *Sheffield*. In contrast, in 1969 nine Mk 82 bombs exploded on the flight deck of the *USS Enterprise*, equivalent to six hits from Soviet anti-ship cruise missiles. The *Enterprise* not only survived, but resumed the launch and recovery of aircraft within a few hours.

We have indeed learned some valuable lessons from the British experience in the Falklands. The first is that you do not send high-value ships out to sea without an anti-submarine-warfare escort. The second is that there is no substitute for a large-deck aircraft carrier for the force-projection mission. If Britain had had even one, it is entirely possible that Argentina would not have invaded the Falklands. The third is that a battle group must have overlapping and integrated means of defeating aircraft and missiles. At a minimum, all ships must be armed with a good close-in weapons system, such as Sea Wolf or Phalanx. A Skyhawk doesn't fly over a ship thus equipped more than once. Electronic warfare must be treated as an essential element of the overall fleet defense.

Yes, we need more submarines and missiles, and we will build them. This must not blind us to the reality that we must be prepared to project force anywhere in the world. The best and most cost-effective means of accomplishing this mission is through the use of large-deck aircraft carriers, at the center of the modern naval battle group. The dream of the armchair admirals of replacing the big carrier with more, but smaller and less capable (though not much less expensive) carriers, must be shown for what it is: an invitation to tragedy and disaster. We are now embarked on an effort to rebuild our defenses after years of neglect. Let us not senselessly throw away some of the few advantages we still retain. □

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LETTER FROM LONDON

Colonel Blimp's Day

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

THE NEW commander of the Second Battalion of the Parachute Regiment dropping from the night sky, with a black parachute, through howling wind and swirling mist, to join his men in the Falklands after his predecessor had been killed leading the attack on an Argentine machine-gun post; men of the Special Boat Services slipping ashore ahead of the invasion to spy out the land; dead soldiers being given a last salute by their comrades as they were buried on a bleak hillside; great ships sailing to war from England's historic ports while wives and mothers watched from the jetty—images like these have filled British television screens and newspapers, and British hearts and minds, for the past two months.

America, I suspect, may still not fully understand the impact which the Falklands affair has had in Britain. It has been, since it began, almost the only subject of interest or importance. The remoteness of the islands, and the small number of inhabitants living there under the British flag, rendered the colossal effort being made to vindicate them only the more poignant. To send a fleet of one hundred ships eight thousand miles was indeed a gesture in the grand style. To us it never seemed in the least like a comic opera.

The attitudes of the American government and the American people have been closely, and on the whole sympathetically, reported in Britain. The need for an "evenhanded" approach during Mr. Haig's negotiations was understood: the legitimate difference between the "Atlanticist" and "Hemispheric" factions has been amply explained. Mr. Haig's leaked telephone calls and the farcical incident of Mrs. Kirkpatrick's muddled vote in the UN seemed shocking, not for their substance, but merely because of the ineptitude revealed.

Just in time to prevent a potential mood of anti-Americanism, the United States declared itself firmly on Britain's side, and the help which was given after that—equipment, ammunition, intelligence—is much appreciated. There is, admittedly, a slight feeling that, if the positions had been reversed and some American possession had been seized, Britain's support would have been offered more immediately and wholeheartedly; and some recall that Washington has complained in the past when the European allies have seemed to be putting their local interests first.

Such reservations pale into insignificance, however, beside the contempt felt in Britain for the haggling in the European Common Market, where very limited sanctions against Argentina were apparently being traded for Britain's agreement to higher farm prices. By contrast, New Zealand (which has suffered economically from Britain's entry into the Common Market) offered unquestioning support and lent Britain a frigate. When the chips were down, it was the old alliance of the English-speaking peoples which counted, not the newfangled European connection.

A columnist in the *Washington Post* argued that "the decision to dispatch the fleet could not have been taken more carelessly. Thatcher and Parliament whooped it through on the very day after the Argentines took the islands. Scarcely a soul gave thought to what was being set in train." But that is simply not true. The first emergency debate in Parliament was indeed a fairly deplorable exhibition of political hysteria and intellectual muddle: but the decision to dispatch the fleet was made, away from the seething chamber of the House of Commons, in full knowledge of what it might mean. And the great majority of ordinary people in Britain, who supported that decision, understood too.

The speed with which this astonishing armada was got under way, far from being reckless, constituted a vital factor. It was the great difference from Suez, when time was allowed to drag on until support and resolution had crumbled. The Labor Party has followed very much the same pattern on this occasion as it did then; patriotically bellicose at first, raging against "the fascist dictator of Argentina," but quickly becoming uncomfortable in its temporary support of the Conservative government and talking more and more about the United Nations and the desirability of not using force.

The leader of the Labor Party, Michael Foot (who described himself not long ago as "an inveterate peacemonger"), has given an impression of dithering and bleating. He couldn't condemn the military action altogether, because he had supported the sending of the fleet and public opinion was clearly in

Mr. Lejeune is NR*'s longtime London correspondent.*

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favor, but his left-wing followers were restive; so at every stage he kept calling for a halt, for new negotiations. Meanwhile, the far-left faction of the Labor Party took a pacifist or, in some cases, actually pro-Argentinian line. Tony Benn made ranting speeches: Trotskyists waved banners. And a few liberal intellectuals wrung their hands.

There were divisions, though less acute, within the Conservative government too. Francis Pym, who succeeded Lord Carrington as Foreign Secretary —Carrington having resigned because he accepted responsibility for getting the Falklands situation wrong in the first place—is by nature an anti-Thatcherite "wet" of much the same brand. As the fleet sailed south, he and Mrs. Thatcher seemed to be making rather different noises. Some Conservatives began to fear a sellout: far from being inflexible, the British government had abandoned, during the talks at the UN, several points which were originally declared to be vital. But General Galtieri came to the rescue by refusing any compromise over sovereignty.

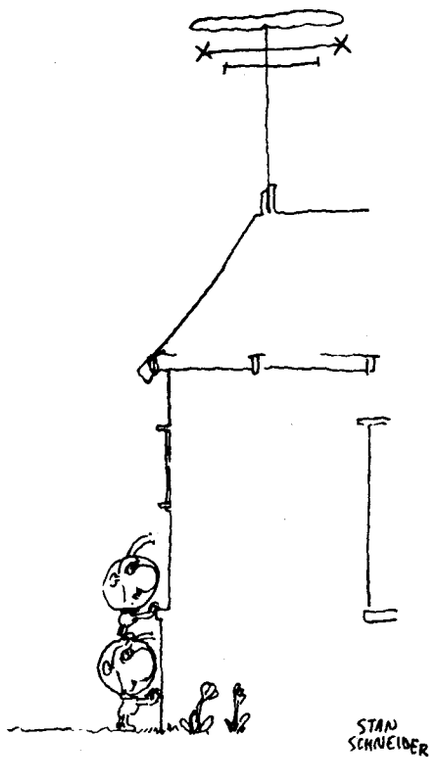
In full control at last of her Cabinet and her party, Mrs. Thatcher found her true *métier*. She is an ideal war leader. Her unyielding determination, her confidence, her simplicity of mind, fit her perfectly for the role. If Britain had been governed at this juncture by any of the other postwar Prime Ministers or by any of Mrs. Thatcher's present rivals, the situation now would be very different. As it is, the whole country has responded in the most extraordinary way. Predictions that public support would dwindle as soon as serious casualties occurred proved to be quite false. On the contrary, the polls showed over 80 per cent in favor of pressing on and retaking the Falklands.

There have been tears and pride but, so far, no recriminations even from the families of the men who were lost. Civilian seamen and dockyard workers not only worked around the clock but volunteered unanimously to go to the South Atlantic themselves if they were needed. Some of the unions, controlled by professional left-wingers, glowered and passed resolutions condemning the war, but they were plainly out of tune with the rank-and-file.

"All changed, changed utterly," wrote Yeats about the consequences of bloodshed in Ireland. Once lives had been lost, the proposals made earlier for a negotiated settlement in the Falklands could not be left, as the Labor and Liberal Parties wanted, on the table. Compromises which might have been acceptable to avert a war are not acceptable after the fighting has begun. In the much-repeated words of one British soldier, "If the Falklands are worth dying for, they are worth keeping."

All the talk about world opinion and UN Resolution 502 has somewhat muddied the central issue. "World opinion" and the United Nations are merely congeries of governments each pursuing its separate interests. Their support may be agreeable and even helpful but it does not determine the rights and wrongs of a matter, and to rely on it can lead into a hopeless mire. The wishes of the Falkland Islanders themselves are important but cannot, in fact, be "paramount." The Argentine junta is not "fascist": alarmingly, General Galtieri may well be the best Argentine leader available: but if the junta were a government of angels, it would make no difference. The Falkland Islands may have more economic and strategic significance than has been recognized in the past: but that is not the point either.

The point is simply that no nation which allows its flag to be hauled down and its citizens captured—however far-off the flag, however few the citizens —will long survive as a nation or deserve to do so. This is the fundamental, unfashionable, truth which Mrs. Thatcher instinctively grasped and to which the British people have responded.



"A strange species, Xal, 'that worships small glowing boxes'?"

There are political questions about the way in which hesitant British diplomacy and the long habit of Western retreat led the Argentinians into making their disastrous misjudgment; and there are technical questions about ship construction and about the absolute necessity (for which the Royal Navy argued in vain a few years ago) of providing the fleet with its own organic air cover.

THE DETERIORATION of Britain's navy was such that, if General Galtieri had waited another six months, it might not have been possible to send an effective fleet to the Falklands at all. Now naval plans will be drastically revised. The old lesson has been taught again that danger and challenge come from unexpected quarters, and in the last resort there is nobody to rely on but oneself.

It would be too much to suggest (although it has been suggested) that the whole mood and temper of Britain have been permanently changed. The great surge of support which Mrs. Thatcher and the Conservative government currently enjoy will no doubt dwindle (but their electoral chances have been substantially improved). Mr. Tony Benn and the peacemongering militants of the Left and the Doubting Thomases of the Center may rehabilitate themselves in public favor (but not quickly). There is already a new wave of strikes and strike threats in the National Health Service and the nationalized industries. The envy and the carping and the squabbling will resume—indeed the politicians are at it already.

Nevertheless, there has been a change. For the first time in many years, the British people have seen something to be proud of: a tremendous feat of arms accomplished with superb professional skill; leadership which neither swerved nor weakened; patriotism instead of economics, courage and sacrifice instead of greed and self-interest; attack instead of retreat; a fight for the flag. It has been a very old-fashioned affair and—to the consternation of all progressive opinion—it has touched ancient springs of feeling. Perhaps, just perhaps, the nation has begun to find itself again. The Union Jack has been restored not only to Port Stanley but to Britain. □

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The Open Question

The Director of the Voice of America Fires Back at Solzhenitsyn, Brookhiser

TWO ARTICLES appearing in the April 30 edition of NATIONAL REVIEW present criticisms of the Voice of America. There has always been a variety of perceptions about VOA's accomplishment of its mission. Since that mission is clearly enunciated in the VOA Charter, it is essential that readers of NATIONAL REVIEW be aware of it. Please permit me, therefore, to convey our critique of the very one-sided perceptions which Messrs. Solzhenitsyn and Brookhiser share.

I address first the adaptation from John LeBoutillier's interview with Solzhenitsyn, "The Soft Voice of America." Last month Mr. LeBoutillier visited VOA to discuss his concerns about the weaknesses in VOA's broadcasts to the Soviet Union. At that meeting, Mr. LeBoutillier raised many of the points which appear in your reproduction of the interviews. We responded to them at that time, and I would like to also do this for your readers.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn confuses the roles of VOA and Radio Liberty. The former is the official international broadcaster of the United States Government; the latter is a surrogate radio broadcasting only to the Soviet Union. VOA's mission is threefold: to provide objective news; to convey information on American society and institutions; and to present effectively statements of U.S. Government policy. Radio Liberty's mission is to supply Soviet listeners with news and information about their own society denied them by the government-controlled media. When internal developments in the Soviet Union take on international significance, VOA certainly reports this as news.

To maintain its acknowledged credibility among listeners, VOA requires two sources for all its news stories. We are indeed scrupulous about that criterion, preferring to broadcast the truth instead of unsubstantiated rumor. It is this caution which guarantees the incalculable edge we have over our competition.

The Voice of America's broadcasts to the Soviet Union communicate to its 32 million listeners there what is relevant to them about our society: its freedom; its pluralism; its creativity. Were we to cease programming music and sports, reports on travel and religious programs, we would be fulfilling neither our Charter nor the needs of our listeners. It is true that, since the Soviets resumed jamming of our broadcasts in August 1980, we program more news and fewer features because we are intent upon breaking through with the news and policy-related information.

Mr. Solzhenitsyn continues to say that news about him and his masterful work are forbidden on VOA. This is so untrue that I wonder if he really does listen to our broadcasts. Solzhenitsyn is often the subject of VOA news items directed toward the Soviet Union and elsewhere. As a matter of broadcast and editorial policy, however, we do not read lengthy excerpts at dictation speed from *anyone's* works. In the case of Solzhenitsyn, this is the province of Radio Liberty. In the specific case of *August 1916*, I am told that even Radio Liberty will not read from it until it has been published.

Richard Brookhiser's article disregards the facts, which are simple to verify, about the Voice of America's international operations. He apparently relied upon one source as the basis for his exposé.

To answer those specific criticisms concerning our coverage which merit clarification:

—VOA was asked to abide by official U.S. Government statements in its reporting of the fall of Saigon. The concern was for the safety of thousands of people, who otherwise might have panicked during the evacuation.

—The report about the Katyn massacre did suffer initially under poor editorial judgment. It was finally broadcast correctly by the Worldwide English, Georgian, and Ukrainian services.

—Under the second point of the VOA Charter, our attention to members of Congress of both parties has been balanced: from January to December 1981, we interviewed twenty Democratic and 17 Republican congressmen.

—The State of the Union Address of February 1981 was broadcast live on Worldwide English. In addition, VOA prepared a half-hour documentary on the effects of the announcements on the nation's economy, reiterating that the truly needy would not be harmed.

—Language services are not obliged to use centrally produced feature material. They select from it according to its rele-

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vance to their audiences and length of time on the air. The review of *Elvis* was never aired; it was not authorized by a supervisor because of its inappropriateness to any audience.

—I would agree with Mr. Brookhiser's assertion that our lead news items of January 13 were parochial. VOA's management perceived this at the time and has been working toward correcting this approach.

—It is true that Foreign Service Officers are assigned for tours of duty at VOA. In the past, these tours *were* considered "marking time"; they are now becoming increasingly desirable and advantageous assignments in an officer's career. This is the result of a decision USICA Director Charles Wick made to emphasize professionalism at all levels and in all capacities at the Voice.

—The designation "anti-government guerrillas" was used on one broadcast, caught by an editor, and never repeated. This fact has also been published elsewhere.

NATIONAL REVIEW chose to print two stories presenting one side of the story about the Voice of America. Your readers, who cannot ignore that every issue has at least two sides, should be interested in ours.

Sincerely,
John Hughes
Acting Director

Mr. Brookhiser *Replies*

John Hughes became Director of the Voice of America as *NR*'s stories were going to press. His response to Mr. Solzhenitsyn and me is, in effect, a defense of the record of his predecessors.

Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn can speak for himself—perhaps, one day, even on VOA. (Mr. Hughes here has his own troubles with simple facts: the title of Solzhenitsyn's work in progress is *October 1916*; the proposed reading from it was not "lengthy"—it was five minutes; it had been published—in Paris; and the Voice does indeed read excerpts of literary work—Pasternak's poems and letters, for instance.)

As for myself:

1. I talked to over a dozen current and former Voice employees. Would he like their names? They could tell him some interesting things.

2. I stated that the Voice's coverage of the fall of Saigon had been "in the interests of averting a panic." I have no objection to that—though Voice employees who deny that they are spokesmen for the United States might.

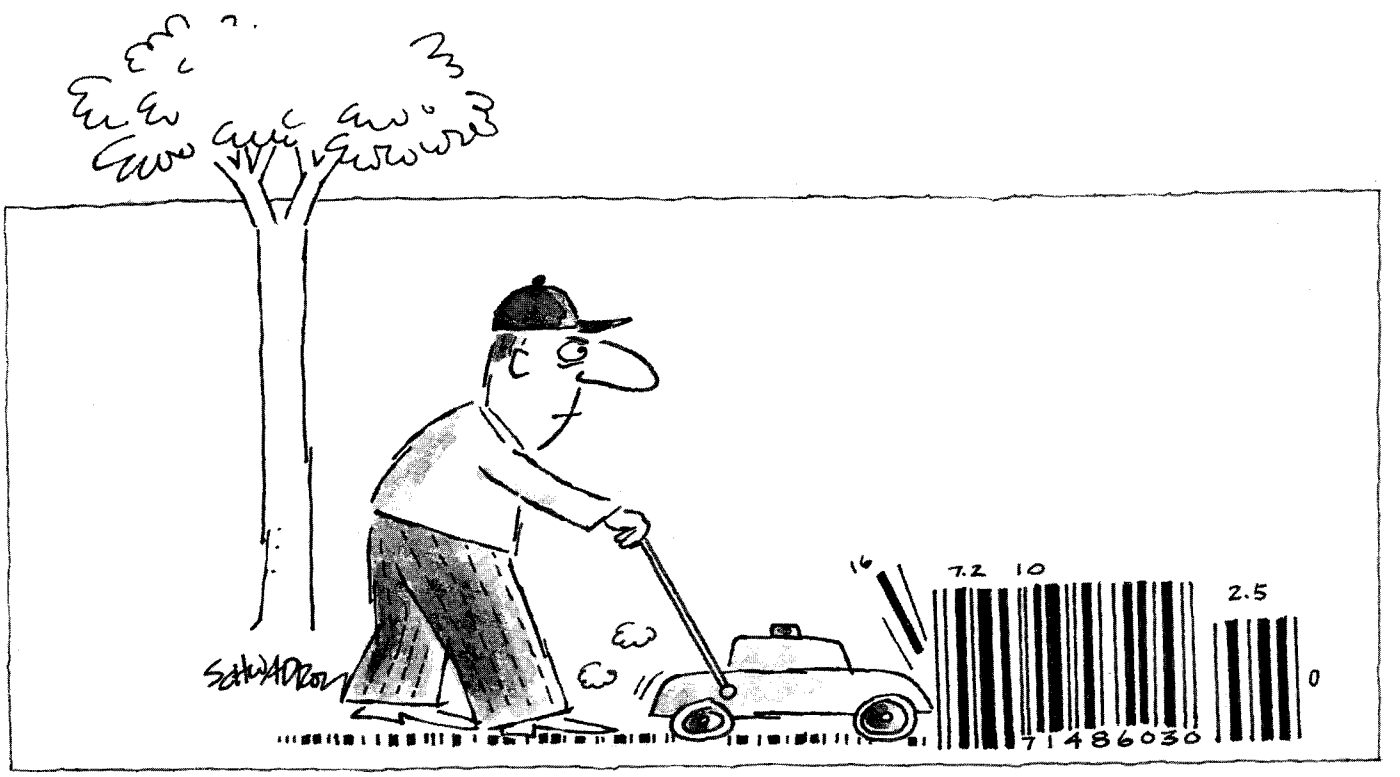
3. Since the Katyn story was filed in Warsaw, and concerned a Pole speaking on a matter of Polish history, was it ever corrected in *Polish*?

4. CBS also broadcast the State of the Union Address live. Nevertheless, we are justified in considering the nuances of reporting after the event. The even-handedness of the Voice's documentary is gratifying; but the news summaries (the transcripts I have are dated 2/19/81) were as slanted as I described.

5. The language services can indeed choose among features. I was trying to make a point about the quality of the material that is supplied to them. The language services, of course, must run the first three *news* stories that are given to them, in that order—frequently a witless order, as Mr. Hughes concedes.

6. But surely the most significant thing about *Elvis*, "anti-government guerrillas," and Katyn—even though they were never used, or used only once, or used only a few times—is that numbers of Voice employees churn out this kind of thing in the first place. What does it say about the perspective they bring to other stories, both those they report, and those they do not consider newsworthy?

Mr. Hughes is a top-notch journalist, from whose tenure the Voice can only profit. My quarrel is not with him, but with a journalistic culture which doesn't much like or understand America, and with a foreign-policy establishment that doesn't quite know what it's doing—and with the influence both have on VOA. *Ce n'est que la vérité qui blesse.* —RB



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A VIGNETTE

Mother Teresa at Harvard

FRANCIS RUSSELL

A FEW YEARS ago Harvard switched the color of its doctoral gowns from undertaker's black to crimson. Then to round out its doctors the university replaced the law-school bachelor's degree with that of doctor of jurisprudence. (Old LLBs can promote themselves by sending in $25 for a JD diploma.) Harvard's color innovation seems to be spreading, though in a sense it is more an imitation of overseas practices. Trinity College Dublin, for example, has always had a scarlet doctoral gown, and since the college has five commencements a year the head porter makes a good thing out of renting gowns to honored recipients. At one Scottish university—Glasgow, I think—undergraduates wear red gowns. Harvard now gowns its class marshals in crimson, though the rest of the seniors still wear black.

Place of Honor

On this torpid day I march in the commencement procession with my fifty-year class into the close-packed Harvard Yard that since 1936 they have called the Tercentenary Amphitheater. To me it is just a slice of the old Yard, with a speaker's platform set in front of the Memorial Church. Place of honor goes to age. Half a century is still not enough to get me really up front. But, if I live long enough, I shall get there, that is if I still go to commencement. By common custom the oldest mobile alumnus leads the procession. Scurvy he may have been in his prime—I know one who certainly was—but if he lives long enough spectators will wipe away tears as he totters past.

From my midway disadvantage point I watch the President's Procession—those who are to receive honorary degrees, escorts, deans, vice presidents, faculty members in hierarchical order. The academic parade of many colors snakes its way across the Yard to the platform, a patchwork chain of crimson gowns, red gowns, blue gowns, pied hoods, mortarboards with gilt tassels askew, pudding-bag hats, and one unidentifiable peaked hat of powder blue. Amidst the solemnity an alien intrusive thought flickers across my mind. Is the President's Procession any more than a ceremonial masquerade, a protest against the relentlessness of time, a whistling in the dark?

I banish the thought. From my oblique angle of the Yard I can just see the chaperoned notables as they make their way to the platform. There goes Tennessee Williams, first in line of the recipients of honorary degrees. Bearded, he has eschewed academic fripperies for a plain brown suit and he is not even wearing a necktie. Then Virgil Thomson, blunted, rotund, in a yellow-embellished gown and looking like Humpty Dumpty with the yolk spilling over. Following him in an elegant maroon velvet gown with gold braid is, I learn later, the Jesuit head of Boston College. The man in the dark, high-collared death's head jump-suit is the Chinese scholar Wu Fu-heng. The others mix, separate. Last, there is a small seam-faced figure in a white sari-like habit with a blue-banded coif: Mother Teresa. Scarcely five feet tall, she dwarfs the others, dominates the procession. Seeing her I think somehow of Max Beerbohm's caricature of Robert Browning taking tea with the members of the Browning Society, the robust figure bursting with vitality set against his pallid admirers. So Mother Teresa appears in the Yard, a permanent, life-giving presence set against the transient Cambridge academic background. This may be Harvard's 331st commencement, but it is really Mother Teresa Day.

Yesterday in this same place I heard her give the Class Day address, as pregnant as was Solzhenitsyn's four years ago. But unlike Solzhenitsyn she aroused no resentment. Respect, standing ovations? Yes. Acceptance? That is something else again. What she had to say was simple, truths so old that we gloss over their validity, basic verities become clichés. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Of course none of us ever gets round to it. Except Mother Teresa. "In this country there is hunger, maybe not for food or bread, but there is a terrible hunger for love," she tells the Harvard and Radcliffe seniors. "You and I have been called here to love one another. To be kind to one another. Let us preach not by words but by example." For undergraduates and graduates, myself and my classmates, the phrases slip by easily enough. We have been immunized.

The Greatest Evil

In a Class Day address the word *virginity* is uncomfortably archaic, not quite decent. A sprightly Radcliffe speaker puts the word, with humorous condescension, on the shelf. Yet here is Mother Teresa propounding that for "a young man and a young woman, the most beautiful thing is to give each other a virgin heart, a virgin body, a virgin soul." So cool are her listeners in their disbelief that the words flow over them like any series of commencement clichés. Nor are they concerned by the earnestness of her remarks on abortion. What is there to be concerned about when every third pregnancy is antiseptically terminated? "Abortion," she tells them, "is the greatest evil of all. If a mother can kill her own child, what hope is there for the rest of us? This is one of the greatest poverties. A nation that allows that, accepts that."

In the fading afternoon, aftermath of fifty such afternoons, I sit and listen. To love one another, to love one's children born and unborn, to love the poor—it is all so impossibly simple. "We can't do for all," she tells us. "So let us begin with one." "Love to be true has to hurt." So she talks, that tough and indefatigable woman who began by scraping the dying from the Calcutta streets. She tells now of reaching out to a man she found lying in a gutter and his saying to her simply that it was the first time he could remember feeling the warmth of a human hand. And I, the non-Catholic, sit there with my aging classmates, the tears running down my cheeks. □

Mr. Russell, a frequent contributor to NATIONAL REVIEW, *is a contributing editor of* Harvard Magazine. *His books include* Tragedy at Dedham *and* The Shadow of Blooming Grove.

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Western Europe Reacts

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

THE WAR in the South Atlantic and the war in the eastern Mediterranean have generated a great deal of controversy (but not a comparable level of comprehension) in Western Europe.

The Socialist Chancellor of Austria, Bruno Kreisky, who is Jewish, has publicly sided with the Palestinians, and he has denounced Shimon Peres, the leader of the opposition socialist Labor party in Israel, for his support of the Begin government's decision to invade Lebanon. Kreisky has even threatened to have Peres investigated by the Socialist International.

Another Austrian Jew, Simon Wiesenthal, the internationally known Nazi hunter, has defended the Israeli position. In an interview on Austrian radio, Wiesenthal stressed Israel's strategic vulnerability and reminded his listeners that the Arabs could lose a dozen wars against Israel without risking their survival whereas the Israelis cannot afford to lose a single one.

The invasion of Lebanon was thus an act of self-defense. The PLO had taken over parts of Lebanon, to the despair of the local inhabitants, and was using the area as a base to launch attacks on Israel. Prime Minister Menachem Begin, whatever else one thinks of his motives or his methods, had a legitimate interest in ending these attacks.

Anyone who accepts the State of Israel as a fact should understand that it must take steps to ensure the security of its people. The only alternative to this is to concede the Palestinians' right to reconquer the land now occupied by Israel. This, too, is a possible point of view. But if one accepts it, one must also accept the Germans' right to reconquer what is today western Poland or France's right to reclaim parts of Algeria.

However, there is more to this particular controversy than Israel versus the Palestinians. Lebanon is also involved, and she has suffered innocently and grievously under the presence of the PLO and the Syrian army. Most Lebanese, both Christian and Arab, seem greatly relieved by the routing of the PLO. "You ask how do we like the Israelis," a Lebanese doctor told a reporter. "Compared to the hell we have had in Lebanon the Israelis are brothers." Another Lebanese put it more succinctly: "We have been waiting for [the Israelis] for eight years."

Something's Missing

Where do most Europeans stand on all this? They are constantly fed (generally correct) details by the mass media, but the details never add up to a complete picture. Among Central Europe's younger generation there are millions who have never knowingly met a Jew. As for the Arabs, they are often categorized as a slightly different version of the Turks, who, as guest-workers, are familiar to most Europeans. But categorization is more complicated than it appears. Though of the same religion, the Turks are not related ethnically to the Arabs, but to the Hungarians; and the Arabs are related to the Jews—while the Iranians, also Moslems, are Aryans. An Arab from Saudi Arabia, furthermore, is different from an Algerian or a Moroccan, both of whom also consider themselves to be Arabs.

Many people have a feeling of guilt toward the Jews (with or without a subconscious antisemitism) and admiration for their courage and pioneering qualities, but there is also anxiety concerning Arab oil and a suspicion that the Israelis are "aggressors." In earlier times, the Zionists had leftist support; today the situation is reversed. The extreme Left is pro-Arab, and leftist terrorism has been bankrolled by some Arabs, while the identification of Jews with leftism and socialism is no longer valid. The Christian rightists in Lebanon—led by Major Saad Haddad—greeted the Israelis as allies and liberators.

In regard to that other war, several thousand miles away in the South Atlantic, Europeans are much less divided; the vast majority side with the British, for several reasons. First, most Europeans consider the Argentinians to be aggressors; whatever legal claims the Argentinians have are too involved to be understood by those only casually interested in the subject. On top of this, Argentina is controlled by a military dictatorship. Now, given that free elections in Argentina would result in a rerun of Peronism, most conservatives might normally be able to sympathize with a relatively liberal military regime as an alternative to chaos—but not when it is at war with a truly conservative regime (Britain's) that is fighting for its principles. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, there is a conviction that Western Europe is a beleaguered fortress in which all internal dissension is to be avoided.

Bad Timing

The Argentine claim on the Falklands is a century and a half old. It might or might not be legally valid, but one wonders why the Argentinians did not try to take the islands when Britain was ruled by a pacifist Labor government which surely would not have put up a fight. While most papers on the Continent published some letters supporting the Argentinians' position, Europeans in general considered the Argentine move senseless under the circumstances and, even if it had succeeded, not worth the effort. It isn't certain whether oil can be found in or near these storm-beaten islands populated by 1,800 rugged souls. Yet it is undeniably true that the lives lost and the money expended in this sterile adventure could have been dedicated to a far worthier cause. □

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The Peace of the Grave

The Fate of the Earth
By Jonathan Schell
Knopf, 244 pp., $11.95

SAMUEL McCRACKEN

Jonathan Schell believes that an ultimate nuclear holocaust would threaten the future of humanity, that humanity ought to have a future, and that someone ought to do something about the problem. A man who so challenged the conventional wisdom would formerly have been burnt at the stake, but in our enlightened time Mr. Schell is acclaimed a moral and political philosopher. The Book-of-the-Month Club even distributes his book at cost, an honor not attained by Holy Writ.

The first part of *The Fate of the Earth* analyzes an exchange between the United States and the Soviet Union in which at least one side expends its nuclear arsenal against the other. The picture is very terrible: most people in the northern hemisphere killed outright by blast, heat, or radiation, and most of the rest killed later by fallout, starvation, disease, or sunburn. Any survivors would be destroyed by a collapse of the earth's ability to support life more advanced than insects.

Mr. Schell demonstrates beyond peradventure that a final holocaust is a final holocaust. But the probability of such a holocaust is extremely remote. Launching thousands of large thermonuclear weapons is not part of, nor likely to become part of, the strategy of any state. It is extremely unlikely that any country could carry out such an attack, requiring flawless offense on one side and failed defense on the other.

Mr. Schell concedes the possibility of limited nuclear war, or no nuclear war at all, but argues that since a final holocaust is physically possible, and since its consequence could be the extinction of humanity, the risk posed by nuclear weapons is intolerable. No matter how slight the probability, the infinite future of the human race is at risk. A fractional probability of an infinite loss remains an infinite risk. So there is no point in proving Mr. Schell an alarmist. He can be moved from his position only by a proof that nuclear war is literally impossible. That sort of argument no responsible critic can make about any physically possible event; thus Mr. Schell's argument by choice of terms defeats all refutation.

But his alarmism is worth a closer look. He deals, for example, with the effects of massive fallout, which develops only when a bomb is exploded at or near the surface. (There is little fallout when, as at Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the bomb is exploded in the air.) Since fallout from many bombs exploded at ground level would threaten even the "victor" in a nuclear war, the probability of such explosions is vanishingly remote.

Like the rest of the anti-nuclear movement, Mr. Schell has trouble in comparing the sizes of bombs. Bombs are rated in TNT equivalents: the energy release of the bomb dropped on Nagasaki was, for example, the equivalent of 20,000 tons of TNT. The energy release of a large thermonuclear bomb is the equivalent of 20 million tons of TNT. Mr. Schell would say that the larger bomb is 1,000 times as powerful as the smaller. In fact, while the larger bomb releases 1,000 times as much energy as the smaller one, it does not do 1,000 times as much damage. For the destructive power of bombs is not directly proportional to their energy releases. The radius of damage caused by bombs varies with the cube root of their energy release: if the energy release of one bomb is 1,000 times that of another, its radius of destruction is 10 times greater,

James Hitchcock's *latest book is* The New Enthusiasts and What They Are Doing to the Catholic Church. . . . **Samuel McCracken** *is a leading authority on nuclear energy and Assistant to the President of Boston University. . . .* **James M. Rawley** *is a poet and critic living in New York City.*

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and the area of destruction 100 times greater. A 1-megaton bomb would be about 14 times as destructive as the Nagasaki bomb, and a 20-megaton bomb about 100 times as destructive. These figures are imposing enough without being exaggerated.

It is commonly said that a 20-megaton bomb contains more explosive power than all the conventional bombs dropped in World War II. The energy release of a 20-megaton bomb does exceed that of all the conventional bombs dropped in World War II, but its destructive force is much less. Those earlier bombs devastated, in the aggregate, thousands of square miles; the devastation of a single 20-megaton bomb is measurable in hundreds of square miles. This is because the concentration of explosive force on one point is less efficient than its dispersal: the total explosive force needed to kill everyone in the world with one well-aimed gunshot each is trivial, no more than a few hundred tons of TNT. Such comparisons no more argue for the relative benignity of nuclear weapons than do Mr. Schell's for their absolute lethality.

It is odd that anyone accepts such gee-whiz! statistics, for everyone knows that the bombing in World War II inflicted massive damage across continents, and no one believes that a single large nuclear weapon could do the same.

Mr. Schell holds the risk of extinction intolerable because it constitutes a war against our posterity, billions of people whom we must allow to exist. It is refreshing to find such concern for posterity, but there is no indication that Mr. Schell has followed the logic of his argument, which is as persuasive against abortion and indeed contraception as it is against nuclear deterrence.

Mr. Schell's conclusion is that the prospect of human extinction is so terrible that we must abolish national sovereignty. He says that believers in deterrence should admit they tolerate some risk, however small, of human extinction, and that, for his part, he admits he will not let national sovereignty stand in the way of nuclear disarmament.

This position can be variously interpreted. Perhaps we are being urged to apply for status as a Semi-Autonomous Republic of the Soviet Union, ending our ability to nuke the Soviets, and, presumably, their interest in nuking us. But this is probably not what he wants. What he wants seems to be a vague world government unimpeded by national sovereignty, a quality whose main function, in Mr. Schell's view, seems to be to guarantee passports of a certain color and national anthems at the Olympics. That sovereignty is instrumental to freedom does not seem to have occurred to him. But freedom does not seem to concern him much.

He leaves the practicalities of abolishing national sovereignty to others. The task raises appalling difficulties. The world is on a nationalist jag that must give pause to the fiercest world federalist: mini-nations abound, and many of the larger post-colonial states have been atomizing. Extreme nationalism is rampant: how will Dr. Khomeini's followers react when told that to forestall the holocaust they must join in a state with unbelievers?

The only plausible world government today is an empire governed by a ferociously efficient and oppressive tyranny. The Soviet empire adumbrates such a world government, and within it there is no danger of nuclear war because none of its subject states has the sovereignty necessary for nuclear arms. There is, as has been observed, peace within the Soviet empire: the peace of the grave.

Mr. Schell, having labored mountainously, has brought forth a mouse squeaking, "Better red than dead." Although many of those who mouth that slogan probably add under their breath, "better red anyhow," he shows no such preference. He does not specify the governmental arrangements he would prefer, but the cultural values he espouses suggest a rather old-fashioned liberal democracy. But his assumptions compel the conclusion that if the abolition of sovereignty required the resurrection of the firm of Stalin & Hitler, they would be an improvement over the status quo.

Mutatis mutandis, this argument is a revival of the Hobbesian rationale for the State: government, however bad, is *always* preferable to the state of nature, that war of each against each that is more horrible than the worst imaginable excess of civil government. For Mr. Schell, a nuclear holocaust would be a war of some against the rest, and he would pay any price to avert its slightest risk.

Needless to say, *The Fate of the Earth* is the bible of the anti-nuclear movement. ABC recently broadcast a kind of town-meeting discussion of nuclear disarmament. A Soviet named Gerasimov—identified by the network as a "political analyst" but by a former colleague as a KGB operative—had his copy of *The Fate of the Earth* with him in Moscow, and the Cambridge (Mass.) audience purred happily at the sight of it in his hands. This universal approbation should not be surprising. Mr. Schell's immediate proposals please everyone: he is for a freeze and also for sharp reductions in strategic arms. He supports the policies of President Reagan and his critics alike.

The danger is that Mr. Schell's followers may triumph and bring about a freeze that by making present inequities permanent will prove destabilizing in the short run and in the long run productive of both redness and deadness. If this is to be our future, it will be because a collapse in intellectual standards has allowed someone like Jonathan Schell to obscure a simple truth: that everyone is opposed to nuclear war and that the crucial debate is not about whether to have a nuclear war but about how best not to have one. By carrying on an unnecessary debate as to whether to have a nuclear war, Schell and others make difficult or impossible the far more important debate as to how not to have one. Objectively, as the Marxists say, they are supporting nuclear holocaust. □

The Spirit of Democratic Capitalism
By Michael Novak
American Enterprise Institute/ Simon & Schuster, 433 pp., $17.50

FIRE BELLS IN THE NIGHT

JAMES HITCHCOCK

This is a notable book, and it is no denigration of it to say that it may be most important for reasons other than those the author intended.

Novak's major purpose is to rehabilitate the idea of democratic capitalism, primarily in religious terms. He seeks to banish once and for all the assumption, which threatens to become endemic among contemporary theologians and religious spokesmen, that capitalism is an inherently unjust system and that, at least as an ideal, Christians ought to espouse some kind of socialism. Since

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much of the anti-capitalist spirit of contemporary religionists is unthinking and even irrational, he has little trouble making his major argument. There is perhaps little that is strikingly new in that argument, but it has rarely been put more spiritedly.

Novak argues that, as his title implies, capitalism is intimately linked to democracy, and that one cannot espouse an ideal of personal and political freedom without also accepting some version of the free market. It is no accident, he insists, that virtually all socialist experiments end with the curtailment of personal liberties, except in those half-socialist countries (England, Sweden) where the free market once reigned. He also argues for the justice of the capitalistic system in the aggregate. Although some people admittedly suffer injustice under the system, and although it guarantees its rewards to no one, taken altogether it ensures prosperity and provides opportunity as no other system has ever done. Thus, overall, people fare best under the free market.

Occasionally his rhetoric gives off a whiff of the convert and the enthusiast. But there is no doubt that his is a welcome and badly needed contribution to the current social debate. Whether the religious spokesmen Novak seeks to persuade will really listen is another matter. Many give the impression of being hopeless ideologues who intensify their commitment to their beliefs the more those beliefs are discredited in practice.

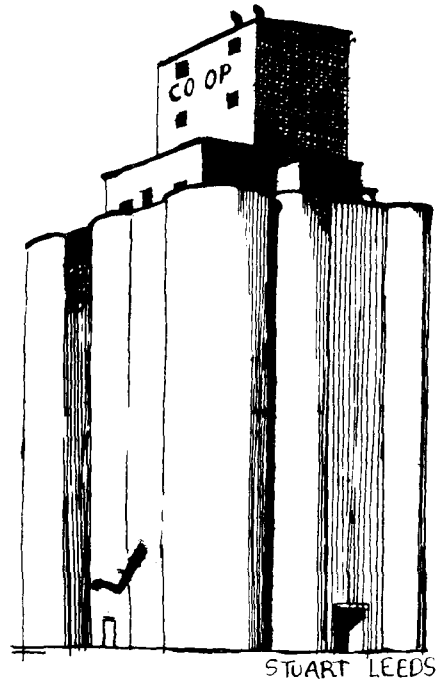
The publication of this book should give rise, however, to a different kind of debate, and it will be a great shame if the need for such a debate is ignored. Put simply, Novak seems to be arguing that capitalism and Protestantism are historically and culturally linked, that Catholicism fails to appreciate the virtues of the free market, and that capitalism is after all "liberal," with all that that implies. Where then does this leave the traditionalist Catholic?

Taking Novak's argument at face value, the necessary conclusion would seem to be that traditionalist Catholics must simply accept their irrelevance and go back to school to learn to be liberal Protestants. For one thing, Catholic cultures (e.g., Latin America) seem incapable of creating the kind of social conditions Novak extols. For another, Catholic leaders, including John Paul II, seem incapable of giving their people reliable guidance in matters of social morality. These are indeed hard words.

But the question seems to go a good deal deeper. Novak is rather contemptuous of the specific opinions which churchmen tend to offer on economic and political questions, and often with good reason. But he does not content himself with merely asserting that they are mistaken. He seems rather to be offended at the very fact that a spiritual leader would claim to make an authoritative moral statement on a social question. He even seems at times to be singing a hymn of praise to the spiritual vacuum which exists at the heart of modern society and seems to propose a kind of religious free-market system in which no one can ever claim knowledge of the truth.

Not all the criticism of modern capitalism, after all, comes from the Left —many on the Right, for example, believe that it fosters an atmosphere which is hedonistic, self-indulgent, materialistic, and iconoclastic. Rather than trying to refute the charge, Novak seems almost to welcome it, as a proud symbol of the personal freedom which democratic capitalism confers on people. On the passionate question of abortion the most he is able to say is that no one is likely to obtain legislation that is totally satisfactory to conscience. Implicitly he seems to say that the free market, as he understands it, would not permit disputed practices like abortion ever to be absolutely forbidden.

In places I found the book exhilarating. But by the time I finished it alarm bells were going off all over my mind. □



Back to Basics
By Burton Yale Pines
Morrow, 348 pp., $13.50

REPORT FROM AMERICA

JOSEPH SOBRAN

The "Reagan Revolution" goes deeper than Ronald Reagan seems to know, and far deeper than is suggested by those hopeful commentators who think Reaganism will plunge the moment the unemployment rate crosses a fatal decimal. The truth is that Reagan is the political flower that grew from a certain cultural soil; and *Back to Basics*, by Burton Yale Pines, is about that soil.

The book is not profound; its style is humdrum. But it appreciates and covers in detail a reality not many people have noticed: what might be called the counter-Counterculture. From sea to shining sea, for some years now, parents, independent educators, small businessmen, and worshippers have been forming little organizations—the unofficial grassroots sorts of things Tocqueville marveled at—to restore traditional values, as they say. (It might better be called reaffirming permanent truths.) For a long time most of these groups were apolitical and hardly aware of each other.

But some time in the late Seventies a change occurred. These conservative cultural forces began generating, sometimes consciously and deliberately (in the New Right and the Religious Right), tremendous political energy. If Reagan falls, they are strong enough now to ensure that liberalism won't come back.

Their political epiphenomena have finally caught the attention of the mass media. But the media so far have assumed that the Reagan Revolution is only a tentative and probationary shift in electoral power. So have the liberals who dominate the Democratic Party: much evidence suggests that the Democrats are planning to run another 1972-style "greening" campaign this fall, around such hot tickets as a nuclear freeze. There are just enough grizzled

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RANDOM NOTES

■ MORE AUGUST TITLES: *Thomas E. Dewey and His Times* (Simon & Schuster, $22.50), by Richard Norton Smith, looks to be an excellent biography, presenting its subject as a figure well worth sympathetic reconsideration.

Robert M. Blum's *Drawing the Line: The Origins of the American Containment Policy in East Asia* (Norton, $18.95) has some interesting moments, as in the part where the author avers that in 1949 Chou En-lai made secret overtures to the United States suggesting plans for a "Chinese Titoism." Blum, a professional historian, has served on the staff of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. . . . *Report from Afghanistan* (Viking, $12.95; Penguin paper, $4.95), by Gerard Chaliand, is a brief book about the activities of six major Afghan resistance groups by a writer who has written sympathetically about revolutionary insurgencies in the Third World. In the case of Afghanistan, Chaliand believes that the fruits of Soviet invasion will be the birth of modern nationalism in that country.

Eric Hoffer's new book is *Between the Devil and the Dragon: Thoughts on the Nature of Man* (Harper & Row, $14.95), a volume of previously published as well as unpublished pieces on every conceivable subject.

■ MORE SEPTEMBER TITLES: *God's Grace* (Farrar, $13.50), a novel by Bernard Malamud, is, in the author's words, "a visionary tale with a prophetic warning" whose merits are probably not apparent in synopsis. It concerns a thermonuclear blast followed by a Second Flood loosed upon the world by an indignant God.

Richard Brautigan, the Western hipster, has a new novel ready about a middle-aged man looking back on his youth in the Pacific Northwest: *So the Wind Won't Blow It Away* (Delacorte/Seymour Lawrence, $12.95).

Richard Ellmann has prepared a reworking of his classic with *James Joyce: New and Revised Edition* (Oxford, $35). —CW

hippies left to sustain the illusion that this movement amounts to a majority, an illusion that will survive no longer than election night.

The President himself seems sometimes to think his ascendancy depends on the "economy"—those aggregate statistics that correspond to the conventional wisdom, but not to anybody's personal experience or fundamental convictions. The acquittal of John Hinckley—a tremendous affront to the American sense of the fitness of things—may be a more important event than the quelling of inflation, symbolizing as it does the befuddlement of ordinary civic procedures by the false expertise of our judicial and psychological elites. Americans who demand capital punishment, as the overwhelming majority do, are going "back to basics."

James Q. Wilson has suggested that Reagan, with the high priority he places on the free market, may actually be less conservative than most of the people who voted for him: people who yearn for social order far more than for a high GNP. The great untapped "social issue" is crime. A man who has been shot, despite all precautions, might appreciate this. And yet, following the conventional Republican wisdom that the American voter is essentially our old friend Economic Man, Reagan has shied away from the resonant moral statements his strongest supporters hunger for.

Pines begins by dropping in on businessmen's associations that seek to "evangelize for capitalism" and "battle the leviathan" of government regulation. He catalogues briskly, but he doesn't really convey the unspoken passions, distinctively *American* passions, that make this much more than a fight for profits. Free enterprise is a way of life. Its heart, as George Gilder has shown, is small business. Big business can absorb much more shock from and even capitalize on state intervention; it is not nearly so jealous of its freedom as the independent small entrepreneur. Pines does show how much of Reagan's support comes from this class, who look on big business with suspicion (as potential traitors, to put it bluntly) and don't accept the heads of the Fortune 500 as their spokesmen.

As simple reportage, the book is very good; indispensable for anyone interested in politics at a level deeper than following presidential aspirants on the primary trail. Pines has taken the trouble to meet people around the nation, and his reporting is governed by a vast and sure empathy. "Few statements seem better designed to enrage church-going Americans than the boast by Gloria Steinem, founder of *Ms.* magazine, a leading feminist monthly, that 'by the year 2000, we will, I hope, raise our children to believe in human potential, not God.'" Not the least chilling part of that boast is the pronoun: given feminism's hostility to the family, who are the "we" who are going to raise "our" children? Since Miss Steinem is an avowed socialist, it is reasonable to guess that she has in mind some form of state control over "our" children, such that she can set a timetable for the inculcation of atheism.

Pines visits dozens of new groups and institutions, all of them private, with a wide agenda—economic, educational, penological, familial, religious, moral, and directly political. It is a wonderfully encouraging tour of conservative America, and after reading it you understand why the Left has stopped crying "Power to the people" and is hanging onto the courts and bureau cies for dear life. Pines has the territory all to himself. The *New York Times* and CBS don't seem to be interested.

Writing in the *London Review of Books*, the critic Graham Hough, discussing Lionel Trilling's *The Liberal Imagination*, explains casually to his readers that in America "liberal" means socialist. He makes the point in passing, as an expositor rather than a polemicist or accuser, just as one might explain that when Americans say "truck" they mean lorry.

It is time to be frank about this. The media not only deny their own latent socialist bent; they play down the overt socialism of such as Miss Steinem and John Kenneth Galbraith. No doubt they think they are fooling the heartland. Pines has news for them: they aren't. □

Poets in Their Youth
By Eileen Simpson
Random House, 272 pp., $15.50

CROSS WITH GOD

JAMES M. RAWLEY

"Gossip is charming," said Oscar Wilde. "All history is merely gossip. But scandal is gossip made tedious by morality." By this severe standard, *Poets in Their Youth* is faultlessly historical; there is not a breath of moralizing in it. We are kept at an amused, measured distance from Eileen Simpson, the author, catching her eyelashes in her modish veil during a meeting with her poet-lover, John Berryman, in the early 1940s. We are kept just as far from poet Delmore

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Schwartz, clawing at his heart for an hour as he dies in the hallway of a cheap Times Square hotel in 1966.

There is no question that the distancing is deliberate. When she married Berryman, Miss Simpson associated herself with a generation of poets whose standards were so high that (though they did not fully realize it themselves) they could live up to them for no more than a painful few moments in a lifetime of struggle. Nor were they allowed to whine at their condition; it was the price of immortality, and in their lives the rest of the price turned out to be intermittent breakdown and the constant threat of suicide.

Miss Simpson does not whine either. She begins as she and the young Berryman sit at dinner with Schwartz:

> Delmore loved to talk about people, loved to gossip about his enemies, his friends, and even his heroes, as I learned that evening. [T. S.] Eliot was his hero. . . . He was on to a new bit of gossip about the relationship between "Tom and Vivienne" (Eliot's first wife). . . . He had reason to believe Eliot had been compromised into marriage.
>
> John turned to me and said, "As you will learn, Delmore talks about the Eliots as if . . . he had a pipeline to their bedroom."

Later, the gossip is about Schwartz himself:

> Delmore, the intriguer, had hinted that [Jean Stafford, Robert Lowell's wife] was interested in another man (himself, perhaps?) . . . whereupon Lowell had socked him. The fistfight that ensued . . . explained the coldness between the two men.

The circles of gossip widen. By the end of the book we have heard, *inter alia*, and always from far enough away, of the Lowells' divorce and respective breakdowns, Randall Jarrell's divorce, breakdown, and death, R. P. Blackmur's drinking and marital difficulties, and Dylan Thomas's writer's block, caused by and causing the drinking which led to his death.

Closer to home, Eileen Simpson's marriage with Berryman breaks up:

> On our return from Europe . . . I had told John that I was leaving him. In *Recovery* he gives as my reasons his "drinking and bad sex." Certainly both had made life intolerable off and on during the second half of our marriage. But it was more his need to live in turbulence—if it wasn't drinking and women, it was the way he worked on *Lear*, *Crane*, and *Bradstreet*—that finally forced me to make my decision.

This is as heated as Miss Simpson ever gets. She has plainly decided not to live in turbulence herself, and her education and experience as a psychotherapist (she began studying therapy early in her marriage, in part because of the traditional uncertainty of poets' finances) may account for her serenity. Or maybe she got it from the laconic literary generation she married into. Wherever she got it, she's got it. When she attempts to comfort the shattered Caroline Gordon, divorced by Allen Tate, "That I had gone through two agonizing years after separating from John, and knew what she must be feeling, she refused to believe." The reader is not surprised.

Yet Miss Simpson's distance is the right distance, because the lives she is dealing with will not bear the weight of tragic utterance. Schwartz used to quote Wordsworth's lines, "*We poets in our youth begin in gladness; / But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness.*" But Wordsworth died neither young nor mad. When Saul Bellow elegized Schwartz in *Humboldt's Gift*, he was compelled to present him half-comically, for there is something stubborn and arbitrary about the mad self-destruction of all these poets.

Lowell wrote, "*We had the same life, / the generic one / our generation offered.*" "*I'm cross with God,*" said Berryman, "*who has wrecked this generation.*" But God's motives are not clear. We are tempted to speculate, a temptation a biographer must avoid. Eileen Simpson gives us the facts in the case, together with a handful of slightly blurred snapshots. That is history. □

FILM

E.T. ETC.

JOHN SIMON

Every national magazine would seem to have had a cover story celebrating the simultaneous release of *Poltergeist* and *E.T.: The Extra-Terrestrial*, and the glory of their creator, Steven Spielberg —which is about as close to canonization as you can get in this secular society. Of the two films, *Poltergeist* is by far the lesser, so let's get it out of the way first. It takes place in a suburban housing tract, the residence of whose chief real-estate salesman, Steve Freeling, the poltergeists take over. At first they rather amuse him and his with-it wife, Diane (the couple smoke pot at bedtime), though they scare the bejesus out of their younger children, Robbie and Carol Anne. (Dana, the eldest, often sleeps out and seems to be a bit of a swinger.) So long as the poltergeists content themselves with raising fairly complete havoc with the house and its inhabitants, the Freelings, absurdly, try to cope with the situation. When the spirits spirit away little Carol Anne, the parents get frantic and call in a team of parapsychologists, who, however, prove even more incompetent than their hosts.

Eventually, a dwarfish spiritualist, Tangina, is summoned, and she challenges the poltergeists more seriously. I can't begin to summarize the absurdities—some of them stickily metaphysical—that Tangina rattles off, or explain the enigmatic machinations of the imps. Finally it is Diane who goes into what seems to be the maw of hell gaping inside a closet of the house (a concept borrowed from such equally dreadful movies as *The Sentinel* and *The Amityville Horror*) and, at the cost of enormous physical and psychic suffering, returns through the ceiling with her daughter, both of them covered with a writhing substance that appears to be part infestation of worms, part Jello. Do the Freelings now leave their house? No such brains; they stay on for another night of agony and special effects.

Only when the dead (whose burial ground has been violated by the housing complex—hence their photogenic revenge) emerge in various stages of grisly decomposition from the Freeling swimming pool and elsewhere to carry off the entire house does the family get the message and move into a motel. By this time I wouldn't have cared if it had been a roach motel.

Nothing that Spielberg writes, directs, or produces ever makes sense. Here he is billed as producer and co-scenarist, with the direction credited to Tobe Hooper, the director of the crude *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*, but the fine Spielbergian hand is detectable everywhere. There is, to begin with, a fundamental self-contradiction. Spielberg the eternal adolescent wants his spirits jolly and likable; he has said there is "something wondrous and hopeful" about the

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hauntings. So these frolicsome cadavers are merely paying people back for the desecration of their resting place (shades of *The Shining*!), and are, initially, mostly droll and prankish. But Spielberg also wants horror, hence the abduction of the child, the terrible things befalling various people, and the rotting undead busting out all over.

Contradictions are even more plentiful than shocks. Thus there is a dread light into which the spirits are dragging Carol Anne, and Diane receives contradictory instructions from Tangina and the rest about whether to go toward the light or away from it. This becomes utterly, though unintentionally, farcical, as do sundry other things meant to be frightening. Yet even the basic concepts of everyday living make no sense. Why should the flowered front lawn of the Freelings suddenly be dug up to make way for a swimming pool? What connection is there between a tremendous tornado and the poltergeists? How does a tree in the garden become allied with the poltergeists, who are, as everyone knows, household imps? No trace of consistency or credibility in any of this. Thus the spirits first emerge from the Freelings' television set; by way of a cute ending, after the family has moved into the motel, we see the door open and Steve Freeling toss the motel TV out on its ears, or antennas. Yet only an army of poltergeists or Superman himself could rip a chained motel TV from its moorings.

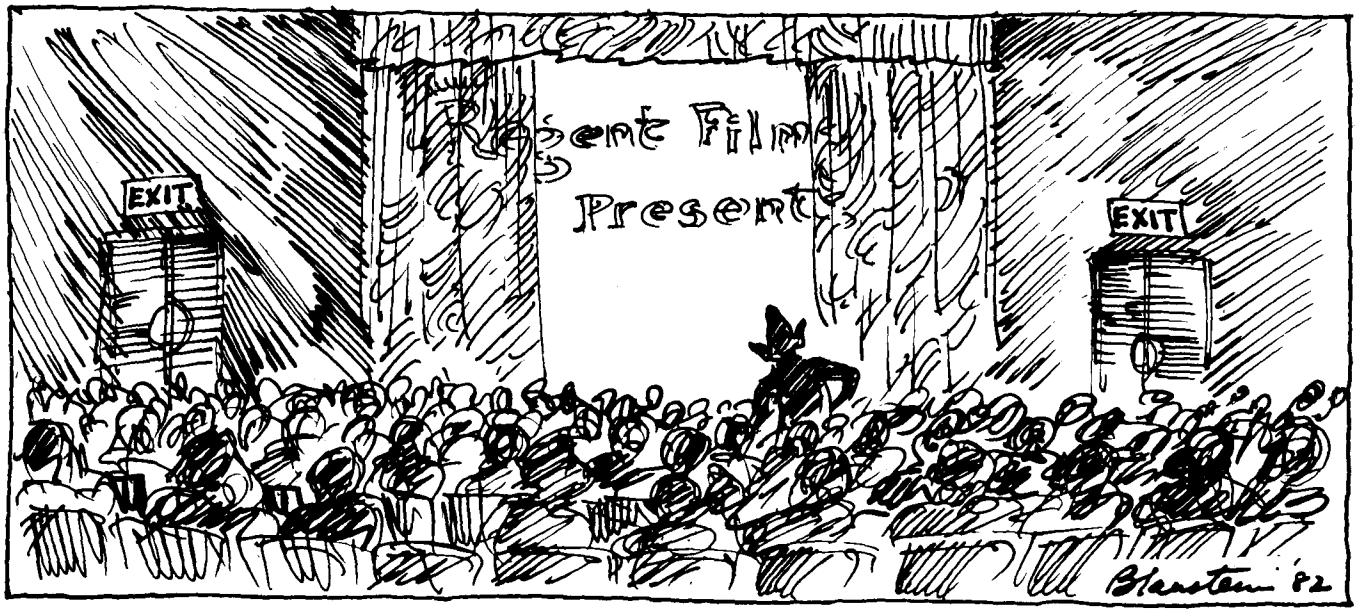
Even horror fantasy must play by certain rules to make us respect its premises, go along with it, and experience catharsis. *Poltergeist*, however, is the kind of movie where the reviewer needn't even worry about giving away the plot; the only thing not to be given away is the opticals—they alone matter. The writing—by Spielberg, Michael Grais, and Mark Victor—is execrable, and the character of the midget psychic, as enacted by Zelda Rubinstein, easily creepier than the corpses and special effects. The children are a perfectly boring trio, poorly acted to boot, and Carol Anne is so sickeningly sweet that we root for the poltergeists to keep her. Not even Jobeth Williams, an able and winning actress, can arouse much concern for Diane; as for Steve, if he is meant to be a consummate lug, Craig T. Nelson certainly meets the challenge.

E.T. is much more likable stuff, though scarcely more coherent. Here an extraterrestrial from a peaceably exploring spaceship is chased by mysterious earthlings (throughout the film we never see their faces) and the ship takes off without him. A series of amusing adventures brings the odd-looking but highly intelligent little extraterrestrial—E.T. for short, which he is—into the sheltering care of ten-year-old Elliott (which, you might say, is E . . . t for long). Smart and adorable Elliott harbors and instructs E.T. in human ways; reluctantly lets his older brother, Michael, and younger sister, Gertie, in on his secret; and leaves loving Mom, still suffering from being forsaken by Dad, out of it. As an adult, she is out of it, anyway, not even noticing E.T. when he is underfoot.

Elliott develops a strange, telepathic kinship with E.T.; if the little creature, for instance, gets drunk on beer from the family fridge, the boy, at school, starts burping and crapulously ogling his prettiest classmate. As E.T. learns to talk human, he conveys an ever greater longing to return home. A Buck Rogers comic strip gives him an idea, and various household objects provide the means, for building a radar with which to signal his distant star.

Meanwhile he begins to sicken, even as the pursuing men zero in on his hiding place. They discover him, and NASA turns Elliott's dwelling into a superhospital in which the boy is medically parted from his spiritual Siamese twin just as the latter appears to die. He revives by a miracle left unexplained (like so many other things), and Elliott, Michael, Gertie, and their previously skeptical chums help him escape to his radar station in the woods. When the chasing men in their cars get too close, E.T. simply lets the bikes of his rescuers take to the air and fly into the forest. The spaceship returns, and there is a tearful farewell during which Elliott turns down an offer to accompany E.T. into space, but the sadness is mitigated by Mom's having found the one NASA man with a heart (played, characteristically, by an Indian actor, Peter Coyote), who'll doubtless replace her errant spouse, and by E.T.'s explaining to Elliott that they'll remain friends forever, even with a universe between them.

As others have pointed out, *E.T.* is derived from two sources: the child-and-animal story, where the growing child must finally give up or be given up by his pet, and *Peter Pan*, which, for



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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

IT SEEMS the words "covert action" have acquired a darkly sinister meaning faintly reminiscent of Watergate: they mean doing to innocent people overseas what Nixon, Haldeman, and Ehrlichman did to us ten years ago. The result is that, as a former CIA official has put it, by the end of the Seventies, the practice of "covert action" by the American Government displayed "all the appearances of a dying art form."

A distinguished and interesting volume—*Intelligence Requirements for the 1980s: Covert Action* (Consortium for the Study of Intelligence, National Strategy Information Center, Inc., 1730 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036; $7.50), edited by Roy Godson—applies itself to the problem. The caliber of the essays included here is unusually high; among the authors are Vernon A. Walters, Donald Jameson, and Theodore Shackley, ex-CIA operatives and officials. Taken together they have a sobering and instructive case for more and better "covert action."

Frank R. Barnett, president of the NSIC, notes in a preface that while Americans are naïvely uncomfortable with such things, seeking to cloak their clandestine activities in euphemistic language ("covert action"!) their opponents in the field of international intrigue betray no such squeamishness. ("Reflecting an Oriental and Leninist mentality, for whom psychological warfare is more 'natural' than the Western concept of the rule of law, the Soviets speak rather of 'active measures.' ") In an interesting essay, Adda B. Bozeman develops this idea, discussing the relationship between culture, foreign policy, and statecraft, and closing with an admonition of Dean Acheson's that the vocabulary of morals and ethics is inadequate to discuss or test the foreign politics of states.

"From Moscow's perspective," Barnett writes, a covert operation is so congenial to the norm "that it would be illogical to seal it off from parallel levers, just as it would be equally illogical to insist that a KGB officer could not live inside the credentials of a TASS reporter, a priest, or one of Dr. Arbatov's 'scholars.' " To Godson, who contributes an introduction, this means that "all relevant parts of the [U.S. Government] must be involved either directly or indirectly in roles supportive of covert action." Such action, he reminds us, has been historically most effective when it has not been a sidebar activity, a wild card, or a last resort. In other words, covert action must be a) a schematic part of foreign policy; b) free of harassment produced by rivalries between competing bureaucracies (CIA *v.* Department of State); c) provided with firm support produced by compelling arguments from the Oval Office.

IF WE accept Godson's definition of "covert action" as "the attempt by a government to influence events in other states or territories without revealing its involvement" we can accept his conclusion that covert action is merely the "stuff of foreign policy. . . . Indeed it is synonymous with it." John Barron, an expert on Soviet intelligence, argues that contemporary KGB officers have become much more cynical, i.e., much less interested in the ideals of Marxism-Leninism and much more interested in power, increasingly willing to work with non-Communist enemies of the U.S. and "more effective than ever" at their work. Although the contributors seem to believe that our capabilities for covert action can be improved, they also believe that the situation is desperate almost beyond belief: one veteran, Donald Purcell, states that by the late Seventies our agents were simply incapable of fulfilling missions assigned them by the President.

Who gets the blame? Although Congress is widely perceived to have gutted intelligence and covert action in order to block a President from bellicose meddling, Senator Malcolm Wallop (R., Wyo.), chairman of a Senate Intelligence subcommittee, places the blame squarely on the Chief Executive and the CIA itself. □

purposes of self-protection, is actually read aloud by Mom to Gertie in one scene. But these are better archetypes than the wretched ones in *Poltergeist*, and Melissa Mathison's screenplay plays heartwarming variations on them. Nevertheless, there are glaring inconsistencies from the outset: How can the waddling, slow-moving E.T. escape from his human pursuers? And how can such superior intelligences not be equipped to deal with discovery by earthlings? Why can E.T. manage escape by flying at certain times, and not at others? Why does he need Buck Rogers to tell him about radar? Why does he sicken when, and in the way, he does; then recover in equally inscrutable fashion? And so, inconsistently, on. Most impenetrable is the physiotelecommunication between him and Elliott, as well as its fudged cessation.

But there are delightful compensations. First, there is more story, more characterization, more human interest than in *Poltergeist*, and the special effects subserve these rather than vice versa. Then too, the children here are more interesting, idiosyncratic, flavorous —even if still too good to be true—and they are enacted better by Henry Thomas, Robert Macnaughton, and Drew Barrymore. Again, humankind in general and NASA in particular are a more piquant set of antagonists (not to say heavies) than a bunch of preposterous and inconsistent poltergeists. Finally, the jokes here are more numerous and funnier. In fact, there are even places where you can suspend your disbelief; in *Poltergeist*, you cannot find one firm hook on which to hang it.

E.T. himself is a cunningly devised creature (by Carlo Rambaldi, whose progeny includes the ETs in *Close Encounters* and the second King Kong) in whom outlandishness and winsomeness are so intertwined that we can become neither repelled by nor oversentimental about him. Even his voice conforms to the schema: it is unearthly but affecting. There are many amusing references to the work of Spielberg's partner in other ventures, George Lucas, for those who like in-jokes. Allen Daviau's cinematography looks opulent without turning too gorgeous or cute, and most of the special effects work in an understated manner. Regrettably overstated, though, is John Williams's score: the more Wagnerian its aims, the more Jawsy the result. Its fishily Nibelungian ring and rant should be promptly put to rest. □

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DELECTATIONS

FOLIE DE GRANDEUR

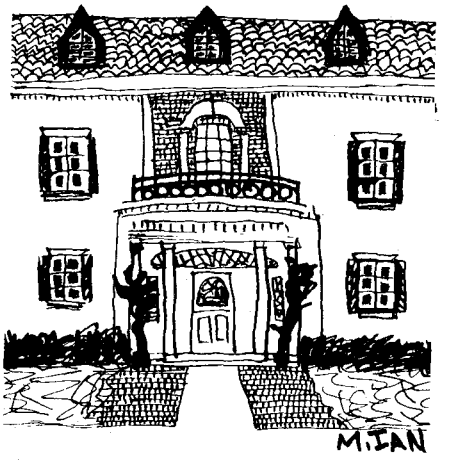
NIKA HAZELTON

I've always been a staunch admirer of California wines, but now I am beginning to wonder how many of their producers suffer from a certain *folie de grandeur*. This thought comes out of a season of endless wine tastings, of being bombarded with promotional material from producers and their agencies, of reading the rhapsodic prose of wine writers, of seeing wine competitions like the one at the Los Angeles County Fair award scores and scores of medals, of watching the constant opening of small wineries—a continuing hysteria which distorts the subject, making wine an elitist, snobbish cult. And the prices! Five, ten, fifteen dollars and more, for a bottle for which you can find a European equivalent that costs at least a third less.

The culprits are not the big producers like Gallo, Almaden, Christian Brothers, Taylor California Cellars, Sebastiani, C. K. Mondavi, to mention just a few prominent names, who have built their reputation on inexpensive, dependable jugs. Their wines may not always be complex or interesting, but they are excellent value for the price and, as anybody who has drunk the *vin ordinaire* or *vin du pays* or *vino da tavola* or *Schoppenwein* in Europe knows, far more foolproof than most of these. The parties responsible for making wine an inbred and precious business are the well-heeled people who open a winery, however small, as a status symbol, and the established winemakers who go in for wine fashions as if they worked on Seventh Avenue.

First, we had those blockbuster wines, the show-off Chardonnays and Cabernets that went far beyond the purpose of wine, which is to complement food. Now the California producers have discovered what the great French winemakers have always known: elegance counts in wines as much as in clothes. So they bray proudly: "Our wines now have a new finesse." Then there are the experimental guys who make, let us say, four Chardonnays from four different (neighboring) vineyards and claim enormous differences between the wines. Experimentation is wonderful and is no doubt what made our country great, but for the ordinary wine lover all of this creates great confusion. Is it any wonder that people cling to brand names like Blue Nun, for a pleasant light German wine, or Mouton Cadet, for a reliable inexpensive Bordeaux, or Bolla for the beloved Italian Soave? Or that in the matter of champagne, expensive or not, most people reach for the same brand they always drink because the quality is steady, steadiness being among the great concerns of the producers of bubbly?

Then there is the matter of vintages. At the risk of having to duck the flying bricks, I maintain (with European winemakers) that the weather in California is not so variable as in Burgundy or the Moselle. Californians now make much



ado about the differences between vintage years, which in fact are mostly not that noticeable. But of course this has a plus side too: the California weather is seldom so unpropitious as to make a vintage undrinkable, as happens frequently in Europe.

To end on a sunnier note, I will mention some wines I have recently drunk and liked. In price and quality, few wines beat the Bulgarian Trakia wines imported by M. Henri. Their new Merlot (under $3) is a very nice red drinking wine—not great, but very agreeable; the same goes for their earlier Chardonnay. I imagine their wines cost so little because they are government-subsidized, but I may be wrong. The Marques de Caceres Red Rioja 1976 (around $5) is reminiscent of a minor Bordeaux, perhaps because it is made by a man who learned his trade from the great Bordeaux winemakers.

For wines made in this country, Robert Mondavi's Red and White Table Wines (that's their official name) are very good at around $5. These wines are intended, as are all Mondavi wines, to go well with food; and Mondavi vintage-dates the new ones, so that you can be sure you won't be stuck with older, and possibly poorly stored, wine. If you like Zinfandels, choose the ones made by Ridge (not always cheap, but always splendid). Mr. Duboeuf, a producer of good Beaujolais in France, now makes Beaujolais in California, and it does come off. Gold Seal Vineyards of Hammondsport, New York, make an excellent champagne by the classical French method, called Gold Seal Blanc de Noirs.

You might also investigate the new so-called "light" wines, which are lower in alcohol and calories and make good light summer quaffing. Also remember that the big American winemakers like Gallo, Almaden, Sebastiani, Taylor California Cellars, and others make a variety of jugs that are very good value and easy drinking, and they also sell classier wines that are worth investigating. One wine I like especially is the Almaden Gewuerztraminer Charles Lefranc. What is confusing, however, is that one producer will frequently make several editions of a certain wine varying in quality, taste, and price.

In all of this there really is only one thing to keep in mind: try a single bottle before you buy any more. And tell yourself that you really don't have to believe what all the wine writers, experts, promoters, et al. say about a wine —it is your own taste that counts, and if you like chocolate sauce with pickled herring, why not? Taste is not a matter of morals, though people often confuse the two. □

The GIMLET EYE

THE ABA

D. KEITH MANO

A hypertrophied crow has been standing on my foot. I can't move. This thing is bigger than some walk-in closets I've seen. "Are you supposed to lead me?" the crow has said. "I don't see so good. I'm gonna knock someone down, I know it. Are you supposed to lead me?"

No, Ignatz, I am not.

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But probably I could do worse. Give me time. I'm at the ABA—American Booksellers Association—with the other stuffed animals hoping to promote my novel. Anaheim Convention Center could hold a whole warm front. There are at least two hundred publishers exhibiting: attendance will hit 12,000-plus. You might more easily try to be the *one* lemming. A hydrocephaloid Garfield just went by. Book people, in general, have less PR sense than the Unknown Soldier. Zebra Books inflated a four-story Montgolfier balloon outside yesterday. Hammond is using this six-foot-six-inch Atlas, all loincloth and Samsonite face. Their hype strategies are out of date as a colored person in Harlem. Me, right now I'd autograph anything: manifesto, subpoena, chain letter, hand it over. I'm filled, if that's possible, with. *Schadenfreude* for myself.

RETAIL booksellers, I find, are of a cordial, compassionate sort. The women do tend to have tabloid-size feet, bound in strappy, comfortable wear. Men are a bit dog-eared. But they must have power. Look who all came to pay respect over this Memorial Day weekend: Sid Caesar, Jerry Lewis, Shari Lewis, Irving Wallace, Bill Buckley, Richard Simmons (the most non-threatening male in America). Even Jimmy Carter. Can't wait for his memoirs: they'll be like watching your suitcase go round on a baggage carrousel. At my publisher's booth I hear strange trade argot—rebate and discount and freight pass-through—all of which has much more to do with selling a book than plot or character could ever have. And I hear uncertainty. The buyer is selling the seller. More and more retail-book folk are on credit hold, past due. Bookstore customers have a voracious lack of appetite in this economy.

Unless, that is, you're writing fiction about some headstrong female forced to choose between three passionate men and her career as Geisha manicurist—set against the exotic and exciting world of Nineteenth Century Downtown Portland. Romance statistics will spellbind or sweep you away: at present 25 per cent of *all* fiction bought is the Harlequin-Silhouette kind. But this love affair with romance has yet more ghastly significance. I quote book consultant Leonard Shatzkin: ". . . reality is forcing paperback publishers to see that their mass-market distribution system . . . can no longer economically cope with individual titles. [Harlequin romances et al.] do not depend for their success on prior publication in trade [hardback] editions. These are, in effect, magazines in books' clothing, and trade publishing, with its emphasis on individuality in title, author name, originality even, would only introduce irrelevant details into the process." Propitious sounding, no?

Remember this, write it on your left ulna: a hardback trade publisher is not in the business of selling books, he's in the business of selling rights. Shatzkin will speak again: "income [from paperback and book-club rights] has usually made up the deficit from publisher operations and contributed the entire annual profit besides." But that will no longer be true. Paperback romance and Western publishers sell by the square foot of rack space now. Their product is homogeneous and seldom returned. Take, for example, the new Frontier Woman line put out by Fawcett: *Texas Wildflower*, *Kentucky Spitfire*, *Missouri Flame*, and *Wyoming Glory*. The bookstore might return Pynchon while keeping Mailer, but how can you discriminate between Texas and Missouri? Moreover, since titles are virtually interchangeable, restocking will be simple. So why pay three million for Judith Krantz or even three hundred for any "serious" first novel? Imagination and art aren't worth those little doowhangams you put under a sofa leg.

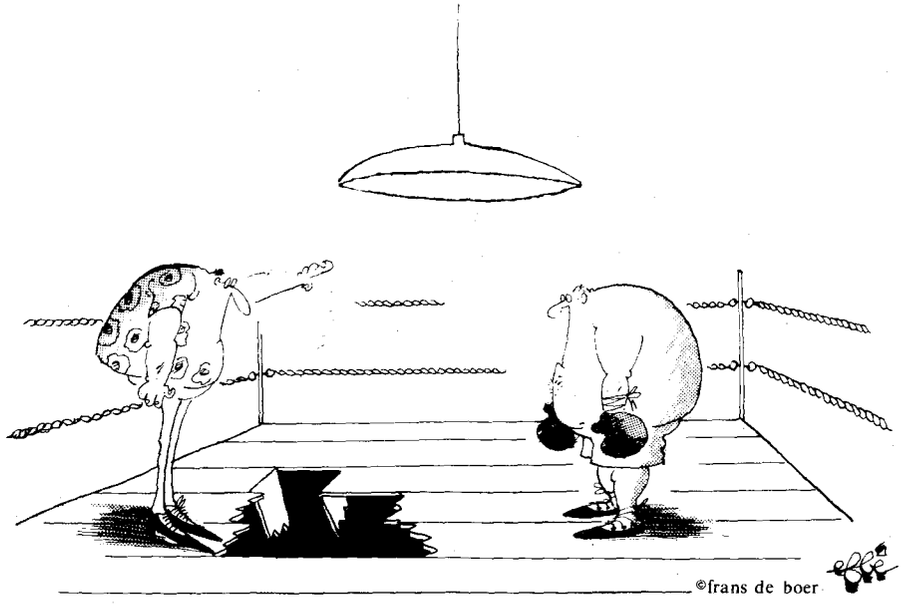
Instead the author has to drum and whoop for himself. At the ABA, publishers' salesmen get tongue-stroked all over. They are a sporting, convivial tribe and quite letter-perfectly illiterate. To them your book and one full gallon of yellow rain produce similar sales resistance. But by personal contact, by waving at them from the crowd, you might push an extra copy or three. Beyond that I've visited 17 bookshops in L.A., 25 in Boston, and fifty-plus in New York. At my own very deductible expense I've sung to 150 more by phone and UPSed $800 worth of the novel out with autograph, flyer, and proper sentiment. But don't let this impress you. I know one writer who has attended TWU meetings with free beer so that truckmen won't remove his novel when a bookstore is ready to reorder. Not something they told me about at The Famous Hacks' Guild. And admire this approach as well: "I identify which stores are reporting to the best-seller list. Then I drop by. Listen, when a store manager is asked for his 15 best-selling novels, what does he know? Maybe the top seven or eight. After that there's twenty books that sold one copy last week. Mine did. So why not report mine?" Why not? And all the rest is literature.

Now authors sit at an Anaheim bar, trying to horrify each other.

"There was this crazed editor at my publishing house. She took original manuscripts and dumped them in the dumbwaiter shaft. Like 650, before they caught her."

"Irvin Faust brought out a collection and the publisher got his name wrong. Twice. First Irving. Then, when he complained, they made it Irwin on the second edition."

"Friend of mine, his publisher ran a first edition of twenty thousand. And



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the damn fork lift put it in the wrong place. Another fork lift came along and pulped the whole press run. Imagine that, telling an author his books've been pulped *before* publication."

"Anyone who's happy with his publisher is deranged."

No, anyone who has written is deranged. Unless that madness can be set passionately, sweepingly, hauntingly against a background of improbable female hope. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GREAT ALL-TIME BASEBALL RECORD BOOK, *by Joseph L. Reichler (Macmillan, 544 pp., $19.95).* And so it is. "This book boasts a thoroughness unparalleled in the annals of record books," writes the author without a blush. "Casey Stengel always said, 'You could look it up.' Now you know where." This, record book of all record books, is indispensable but should be sold with a precautionary label, that it could take up hours . . . days . . . weeks . . . years. Covering more than a hundred seasons, compiled over fifty years by the editor of the Baseball Encyclopedia (who, not surprisingly, is also a member of the Baseball Records Committee), this book represents an accumulation of knowledge so vast, so mammoth, so spectacular, and in details so infinitesimal that it would take ten thousand Phil Rizzutos ten thousand years to praise it adequately. And in the end it would all come down to the old Scooter's "Holy cow!" anyway. There is something here for everyone. For the mighty, Lou Gehrig's high career grand-slam total: 23. For the frustrated, Sparky Adams, who, from 1926 through 1928, played in 435 games, went to bat 1,810 times, and managed to hit no home runs. For the lion-hearted, Walter Johnson's 3,508 career strikeouts. For the melancholic, the 1962 New York Mets, who won forty games and lost 120. For the brotherly, Paul and Lloyd Waner, whose .325 batting average leads the "Best-Hitting Brothers" column. And so on. Best-Hitting Pitchers, Worst-Hitting Pitchers, Most-Lopsided Wins, Forfeited Games, Best Stolen-Base Duos, 475 records in all. All facts, no factoids, but every year the thing will have to be revised for accuracy. Holy cow! JOE MYSAK

THE DEVIL'S DP DICTIONARY, *by Stan Kelly-Bootle (McGraw-Hill, 141 pp., $7.50).* Despite the author's warning, at the beginning of *The Devil's [Data-Processing] Dictionary*, that "The meaning of an entry should always be ascertained *before* consulting this dictionary," anyone who has had the least bit (or byte) of acquaintance with computers will probably know enough to be quickly rendered incapable with laughter. For there is a style of humor here for every mood; it ranges from the merely mordant ("**worst-case design** *n.* The one delivered"), to the Flanders-and-Swannian ("The word [bug] implies that 'things go wrong' because of some infection from outside. The *gremlin* which caused all malfunctions during World War II was an openly fictitious imp, blamed in jest; the DP bug, however, has assumed the unfunny proportions of an infestation. Putting things right, or debugging, therefore, requires the equivalent of fumigation, chlorination, swabbing, or, to use the proper chemotherapeutic terminology, 'nailing the little bastards' "), to the radiantly macabre ("**cursor** *n.* . . . A faintly flickering symbol on a CRT screen, used to test the eyesight and reflexes of the operator, and indicating where the next keyed character will be rejected . . . A cursor in the top left-hand position of an otherwise blank screen serves to indicate that the system (with the exception of the cursor-generation module) is inoperative. . . . The record for loyal patience belongs to the late M. Thumps, whose atrophied corpse was discovered slumped over a remote terminal of the British Rail TRAIN (Train Recovery and Identification Network) complex two years after his particular line had been closed. The post-mortem, performed by Terminal Diseases Inc., proudly revealed that the cursor was still flashing, a fact subsequently exploited in the manufacturer's gruesomely effective advertising campaign. . . ."). When NATIONAL REVIEW's computer typesetters were shown this book, they blinked greenly and kept silent; but they know—they know.

LINDA BRIDGES

EARTH TONES: *The Poetry of Pablo Neruda, by Manuel Durán and Margery Safir (Indiana, 199 pp., $22.50).* Manuel Durán, who is Chairman of the Department of Spanish and Portuguese at Yale, comes to the writing of a book about Neruda with several strikes against him. He did not know the poet. He is unfamiliar with Chile. His English versions of the verse are bland and sometimes inept ("Leaning into the afternoons I cast my mournful / nets toward your oceanic eyes"). And his occasional apologies for Neruda's slavish Party-line politics are couched in the tone of subservient regret that pervades so much of the writing of the liberal Hispanic academics in America who can't face up frankly to this lifelong aberration of their hero. If there is ever to be a definitive book about Neruda, it will have to be written by someone not afraid to take this political bull by the horns—and it will have to be written by a poet. Whatever contribution Margery Safir made was not in the way of checking for scholarly accuracy: one 12-word reference to a book contains three major errors. And yet—and yet this is an interesting book! Neruda *was* a hero, a hero of poetry, the only man in our century to do for poetry what Whitman did for it in the century before: open it up to common experience, invent a valid poetic language that every reader with an ounce of sensibility could understand, embrace a continent, deify himself as the all-embracer without looking silly, make a religion of love. Durán's love for Neruda's poetry and for the man with all his contradictions—"a sophisticated peasant . . . inevitably an aristocrat within his society"—is strong enough to bring him to life again. SELDEN RODMAN

LICENSE RENEWED, *by John Gardner (Marek, 285 pp., $9.95).* When last we left James Bond, Agent 007, CMG, RNVR, he had just pumped the final, lethal shots into the shrinking body of the man with the golden gun, Paco "Pistols" Scaramanga. In the intervening years, increasingly timid British governments have stripped him of his license to kill and saddled him with a desk job. But circumstances change. John Gardner, a British thriller-writer, has won from Ian Fleming's literary executors the right to bring James Bond into the 1980s, and, if the sales are any indication, Bond's many, many fans are delighted. *License Renewed* is a return to the "classic" Bond story that Ian Fleming himself eventually grew weary of, his weariness resulting in aberrations such as *The Spy Who Loved Me*. Anton Murik, international nuclear physicist and Laird of Murcaldy, is the brilliant and extremely unattractive villain. (A political aside here: In virtually all the other Bond novels, the villain was an agent of Smersh—*Smyert Shpionam*, Russian for "death to spies"—the most secret and deadliest arm of the KGB. Murik, for his part, is simply a freelance hood. Perhaps it is no longer fashionable to have the Russians as villains, but I am sure that Ian Fleming would not approve.) Mary Jane Mashkin, Murik's female sidekick, is no Rosa Klebb or Irma Bunt, but she is serviceable. The heroine, Lavender Peacock (a name I am sure Ian Fleming would have been proud of), is a conventional Bond heroine, not one of the semi-equals that have been showing up in the films of late. The price of fuel being what it is these days, Bond has been forced to discard his cherished Mark II Continental Bentley in favor of a Saab 900 Turbo (only in the films did Bond drive an Aston-Martin). He also does not seem to be so witty or quite so charming as he used to be. But, needless to say, Bond escapes from a good many impossible situations on his way toward foiling the bogus Laird of Murcaldy's plan to seize six of the world's nuclear power plants. *License Renewed* is a good solid thriller, guaranteed to entertain, and it bodes well for James Bond's return to active duty. JOHN A. BARNES

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Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

WOMAN BIOLOGIST, 29, single, humorous, NYC, would like to meet a tall, well-educated, conservative male, 30-35, with adventuresome interests, i.e., flying, photography, camping, sailing, the Cousteau Society. Write KLA, Box 176, Mattituck, N.Y. 11952.

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WELL-READ divorced man, 47, 6', 175 lbs., likes sailing, bicycling, would like to meet physically and emotionally healthy lady of same age in Los Angeles area. Write NR Box 3589.

INTROSPECTIVE MAN, 29, admires Ayn Rand's philosophy, wants female counterpart. Write NR Box 3590.

ONE ADAMANTLY SQUARE PEG seeks another; object: rectangular hole. This peg values decorum, consideration, believes in obligations, limits. Male, 32, accountant, very intelligent, very Catholic, wild about books, golf, children, horse racing, opera. Prefers domestic pleasures to bright lights, romances to reductionism. Chicago vicinity. Write NR Box 3591.

CONSERVATIVE on most everything except ERA issues. Youngish 50, 5'10", 160 lbs. Loves theater, films, eating out, NR, WSJ, and trading puts and calls. Would like to meet attractive woman 38-44 (approx.) with similar tastes for mutual enjoyment in relationship of equality. Washington, D.C. Write NR Box 3592.

I'M 30 and have recently moved to Arizona. Interests include sports, politics/economics, travel. Would like to meet intelligent lady, non-smoker. Tempe/Mesa area. Write NR Box 3583.

SINGLE MALE, 34, 5'8", professional, very athletic; enjoys sports, conversation, music, history, and travel; wishes to meet like-minded woman between 25 and 40, Lake Tahoe area. Write NR Box 3575.

PENFRIENDS: ENGLAND, U.S.A. Lasting friendships through correspondence. Send age, interests. Free reply. Harmony, Box 89NR, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11235.

CONSERVATIVE SINGLE MALE, 33, Army officer, likes books, plays, sports, travel, and music, wishes to correspond with like-minded women, 19-40. Presently located West, but travel often. Wit and intelligence necessary. Write NR Box 3565.

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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Shanghai II?

On The Right

New York, June 28—Flashback. *July 15, 1971.* The living room of the Governor of California, whose wife and four guests are sprawled about the room to hear President Nixon's announcement, billed as of historic consequence. Nixon comes on, announces he will go to China. But, in obvious reference to Taiwan, reaffirms his ties to our "allies." Damn well should, said the Governor of California, as his guests moved in for dinner.

October 11, 1971. The Governor of California is in Taipei, before going on to Singapore, Bangkok, Saigon, Seoul, and Tokyo. Before a large audience, he publicly proclaims the United States' continuing military commitment to Nationalist Chinese independence—"in full force." In making this pledge, he is carrying out instructions of the President of the United States, Mr. Nixon, who supplied the airplane, the staff, and the mandate.

October 25, 1971. The Governor of California makes several telephone calls to friends. He expresses his outrage. On that day, the United Nations has admitted Communist China to the permanent seat in the Security Council—and voted to oust the Chinese Nationalist government from its seat in the General Assembly. How, the Governor asks, can the credibility of the United States survive such circumstances? Only two weeks earlier, he stresses, he was in Taiwan pledging that *no such development* would take place! And here he has barely landed on the presidential jet back in California—and it *has* taken place. Was it duplicity on the part of our ambassador to the United Nations, Ambassador George Bush? Did what happened in New York reflect a psychological capitulation, as witness that at the very moment of the vote, chief presidential foreign-policy advisor Henry Kissinger was in Peking, preparing for the President's visit? Was Mr. Nixon dealing duplicitously with his allies, sending the Governor of California out to reassure them, while permitting the subversion of their position in New York? Or was it simply a matter of things having got out of hand, and the steamrolling of George Bush? It was the latter, said George Bush on television, a week or so later, to the person the Governor of California had called late that night in such distress.

Flashforward. What will "Shanghai II" proclaim? What is "Shanghai II"? It is a document, shuttling in mid-June (highly informed sources say) between the State Department, inhabited by Henry Kissinger's former aide, and the White House, inhabited by President Nixon's emissary to the Far East, formerly Governor of California, which document reflects if not the recommendations, in any event the findings, of the Vice President of the United States, who was ambassador to the United Nations when Taiwan was expelled.

ONE DRAFT of Shanghai II—the designation intended to recall Shanghai I, which was proclaimed by President Richard Nixon on February 27, 1972 and acknowledged that Taiwan and Mainland China were a single country, and that disputes between the two governments were therefore internal matters—goes one drastic step further than Shanghai I. It says that Taiwan, as a mere province of Mainland China, is logically subordinate to Mainland China and that the United States recognizes this geopolitical reality, and that therefore, although no date is specified, at some time in the future the sale of United States arms to the government of Taiwan must cease, and the Taiwan Relations Act be accordingly modified.

This draft is shown to President Nixon's former emissary, the President, who shoots it back and says, Make this less harsh on Taiwan. How, exactly? Well, that is a problem. We promised recently to sell some fighter planes to Taiwan, but not those planes Taiwan requested, so that already there has been a small step toward disattachment. But even the sale of those planes brought an uproar from Peking, and veiled threats to suspend relations with the United States, and of course there was talk about how Peking, if disgusted with us, might just rethink its hostility to the Soviet Union. There are those in the State Department who say this would be an awfully high price to pay for any sentimental residue of an anachronized relationship with Taiwan.

But President Reagan is the same man who just last week calmly overruled many of his advisors to announce that the Commerce Department would not, repeat not, waive its authority in the matter of the General Electric technology France and Germany wished to avail themselves of in order to get on with the Siberian gas line. That decision has brought an uproar in West Germany—protests from the rope-sellers who wish to realize the hangman's profit, before experiencing the noose. If we ditch Taiwan, the question of who trusts the United States won't be merely a question of how many *foreigners* will cease to believe that an American commitment means anything. The big question would then be: How many *Americans* can believe anything the government of the United States says?

One person present that day in Sacramento, and on the phone that night to the Governor, flatly predicts that Shanghai II, if and when it eventuates, will reaffirm a commitment to defend the physical independence of Taiwan.

Unless Taiwan were to do what would really make transcendent sense for it to do: which is to declare its independence as a separate nation. □

THE HINCKLEY MESS

New York, June 30—The matter of Hinckley's "vindication"—an odd sound, that word has, used in the circumstances—provokes several observations:

1. The notion that a law that is clearly seen now as having purely abstract architecture will quickly be reformed, lessening the likelihood of Hinckley II, and Hinckley III, is—well, remote. Mr. Morris Abram, the distinguished educator, lawyer, and civil-rights champion, who has just issued his memoirs (*The Day Is Short*), said, the day after the acquittal was announced, that it would surely catalyze legal reform, to which the answer is that no such thing is by any means predictable. Twenty-year-olds who have mugged and tortured grandmothers on Monday are regularly arraigned on Tuesday, spend Wednesday yawning through the procedures to which they are subjected, and are out on Friday looking around the neighborhood for fresher meat. They would smile. We have had a crime wave that mounts, about which we have done practically nothing; a creeping illiteracy that mounts, about which we have done practically nothing.

2. Mr. Abram also said that the adversary system in America is our way of as-

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certaining the truth. But as soon as he said it, he was, really, sorry. The adversary system is America's way of deciding public questions, for instance whether Hinckley will be punished as a murderer, or merely detained as a psychiatric patient. A judicial trial resolves public policy on how to deal with someone. Nothing else. Those who desire to believe that Hinckley is "guilty," in the communicable sense of that word, are free to do so without fearing that they are obscurantists, who stand in the way of scientific epistemology. Dr. Johnson said that it does not defame speculation to say about it that it errs when it announces that two plus two are equal to some other figure than four.

3. The spectacle, at the Hinckley trial, of experts, so-called, arguing with other experts, so-called, for the benefit of a jury on such tangled questions as whether Hinckley knew what he was doing and knew that what he was doing was wrong, gives us a textbook example of the presumptions of scientists, moving in on public policy. The word "expertise" means "a body of operative knowledge." If no such knowledge exists, for instance on the question of whether Hinckley knew what he was doing and that it was wrong, then no one is by definition an "expert" except in the sense that he is devoted to trying to answer a question about which there is no expertise. If you attempt to play Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto, devoting your lifetime to the effort, but what comes out is disharmonious sounds, unrelated to what Rachmaninoff wrote, you simply have not mastered the Second Concerto. At least, however, we know that the Concerto exists. What we do not know is whether there is any way in which Hinckley can be "proved" to have known that what he was doing was evil and unlawful.

Now, the notion that a body of inoperative knowledge, to the study of which two men have devoted their lives, can be presented to a jury, with an "expert" advocate on one side, and an "expert" advocate on the contrary side, in the expectation that that jury can adjudicate as between the antagonistic positions is quite simply, well, voodoo law. If, say, Einstein and Fermi could not agree on, oh, the way in which to weigh matter in space, that a jury could, listening to both men, come up with the "right" answer is—a superstition. So that we went to elaborate lengths to underwrite a superstition, the purpose of which was to let Hinckley go unpunished. Because he didn't know he was trying to kill the President? Hardly. Because he didn't know it was unlawful? Hardly. Because . . . because we are a Freud-obsessed society, riveted to the angel-explanation of human behavior, and if somebody does something bad, it's got to be because he didn't get enough food stamps when he was a kid.

4. So where do we go from here? Probably nowhere. But if there is comfort to be taken, it is in the solid judgment of the American people that their institutions are running the danger of being, simply, useless. The law, as regards curbing crime, is about as useful as the United Nations, in curbing aggression. Cynicism isn't the answer. Realism, however, helps. And realism begins by sticking out our tongues at the judge and jurors who went along with the expensive charade. □

WHITHER CAPITAL PUNISHMENT?

New York, July 5—The governor of New Jersey, Thomas Kean, has given out the word that he is changing his mind in the matter of capital punishment. In the past few years, the movement to bring back capital punishment in New York has been frustrated by Governor Carey. His determination to block the legislative will in this matter must be honored, given that the Constitution awards him the right to veto. But Governor Carey is not going to be around after January. At that point either Edward Koch will be the governor, or Lewis Lehrman. Both Koch and Lehrman favor capital punishment. So that what we have in prospect, in New Jersey and in New York, is laws that prescribe capital punishment for certain crimes. What we do not have in prospect is the execution of criminals.

Now it isn't as though the people of New Jersey and New York had set out to do something unconstitutional. We went through that. Back ten years ago, the Supreme Court acted to nullify a number of state laws on the grounds that they did violate the due-process clause of the Constitution as the Court had come to understand it. But the Court didn't rule that capital punishment was cruel and unusual punishment, although it certainly *is* unusual. The legislators in 35 states proceeded to rewrite their laws on the model specified by the Supreme Court, and the courts then proceeded to sentence to death those defendants whose crimes were punishable by death sentences. There are approximately one thousand prisoners in the death houses of America. But there are no deaths. To this generalization there are four exceptions. One man in Florida was executed against his will. Three have elected to be executed, the most celebrated of these, the man Norman Mailer wrote about.

One needn't personally favor capital punishment to wonder what is happening to that provision in the Constitution that gives to the electorate the right of due process. We are allegedly a self-governing people. But we tolerate a judicial system that combines with anti-capital-punishment lobbies in effect to subvert existing legislation. If, let us say, a state previously dry submitted to a referendum authorizing the sale of liquor, the wets prevailed, and then years later you still couldn't buy liquor in that state, you would focus, wouldn't you, not on the question whether you were in favor of the sale of alcohol or against it, but on the frustration of the public will.

Now there are lawyers in town who would not hesitate to tell you that they are indeed engaged in frustrating the law. There is supposed to be a code against the abuse of process; but no one, really, pays any attention to it. The moral excuse used by such lawyers, and by other lobbyists against capital punishment, is that frustrating the execution of an individual human being justifies any form of legal hanky-panky. To which the appropriate answer is: a self-governing republic has the power to take human life. That power is negatively stated in the Bill of Rights, in language that says: "No person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law."

IF ANYBODY is to be deprived of life without due process, logical rigor requires that one accept the proposition that the requirements of due process having been met, life can indeed be forfeited. In other words, the obstructionists cannot justify what they are doing unless they are prepared to say that they are taking the Constitution into their own hands. We remember what happened to Richard Nixon when he tried that.

How do they get away with it? I mean, doesn't the law, when all is said and done, require self-implementation? Even though Hamlet knew all about the law's delays, isn't there a thing called "mandamus" which entitles you to cause a court to act in order to execute the law and incidentally the condemned man? Mandamus is about the only thing that *hasn't* been tried.

But what especially surprises is the prolonged silence of the legal theorists. Men and women who storm the gates worrying about the illegality of praying in a public school are utterly indifferent to the arrant neglect of the law in respect of capital punishment. Do you suppose we might persuade the president of Yale, Mr. Giamatti, to devote his speech to the incoming freshmen next September to the subject of the disdain for the law being exhibited in the matter of capital punishment? He has warned us about the awful menace of the Moral Majority, and of those who desire to pray in public schools. Might he give his attention to the menace of ignoring the law with respect to penology? Remember, you can deliver the kind of sermon I'm talking about without yourself coming out for capital punishment. Important, that distinction. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. An item used in a certain aquatic sport — 29 136 158 42 187 195 198 45 90

B. Sanction — 36 174 178 93 18 116 169 82

C. A French title of respect (pl.) — 62 171 51 139 120 94 66 76

D. Former name of the Mariana Islands — 81 77 172 109 123 68 95

E. What a traveler carries — 155 150 24 48 67 113 89

F. A popular beverage for the table — 86 124 52 59 73 112

G. A machine for cutting grass — 128 53 27 170 13 164 83 197 114

H. President Hayes's Secretary of State — 137 107 115 54 1 141

I. An affected young man — 6 10 20 28 32 41 47 72

J. Learning — 148 189 173 125 25 44 140 132 78

K. Town on Lake Nagawicka, in Wisconsin — 165 46 152 2 175 26 55 21

L. A case for the blade of a knife — 190 30 3 182 134 63

M. To receive from an ancestor upon his death — 192 147 97 31 126 22 4

N. One of the major baseball leagues — 35 87 142 166 5 176 80 181

O. A bridge opponent — 23 61 71 96 111

P. A tale about a dead man — 64 149 154 194 188 143 135 58

Q. A city in northeastern Ohio — 105 177 74 153 146 193

R. Formerly — 117 88 99 145 56 14 163 156 33

S. In no case — 144 15 162 57 196 129 37 167

T. One who defeats a parliamentary motion — 151 157 7 160 49 60

U. Delivered crushing blows to — 200 16 161 130 191 108 40

V. What Hoover (and Nixon?) did as his presidential term began — 12 9 119 131 50 65 159 102

W. Englishmen — 121 199 179 17 106 185 43

X. Where locomotives are repaired — 183 101 19 39 75 84 92 98 104 127

Y. Rubbish — 8 70 91 184 180

Z. More — 38 11 79 34 110 103 118 133 138 122

* Showed excessive fondess for — 69 85 100 168 186

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 914 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 H	2 K	3 L		4 M	5 N	6 I	7 T		8 Y	9 V		10 I	11 Z	12 V	13 G		14 R		
15 S	16 U		17 W	18 B	19 X	20 I	21 K	22 M	23 O	24 E		25 J	26 K		27 G	28 I	29 A		
	30 L	31 M	32 I	33 R		34 Z	35 N		36 B		37 S	38 Z	39 X	40 U		41 I	42 A		
	43 W	44 J	45 A	46 K	47 I	48 E	49 T	50 V	51 C		52 F	53 G	54 H		55 K	56 R	57 S		
58 P		59 F	60 T	61 O	62 C		63 L	64 P	65 V	66 C		67 E	68 D	69 *		70 Y	71 O		
72 I	73 F	74 Q	75 X	76 C		77 D	78 J	79 Z		80 N	81 D	82 B		83 G	84 X	85 *			
86 F	87 N	88 R	89 E	90 A		91 Y	92 X	93 B		94 C	95 D		96 O	97 M	98 X	99 R			
100*	101X		102V	103Z	104X	105Q	106W	107H	108U	109D		110Z	111O	112F		113E	114G		
115 H	116B	117R		118Z	119V		120C		121W	122Z	123D	124F	125J		126M	127X	128G		
129S	130U	131V	132J	133Z		134L	135P	136A	137H		138Z		139C	140J	141H	142N	143P		
144S	145R		146Q	147M	148J		149P	150E	151T		152K	153Q	154P	155E	156R		157T		
	158A	159V	160T	161U	162S	163R	164G	165K		166N		167S	168*	169B	170G	171C	172D		
	173J	174B	175K	176N		177Q		178 B	179W	180Y	181N	182L	183X		184Y	185W	186*		
	187A	188P	189J	190L	191U		192M	193Q	194P	195A		196S	197G	198A	199W	200U			

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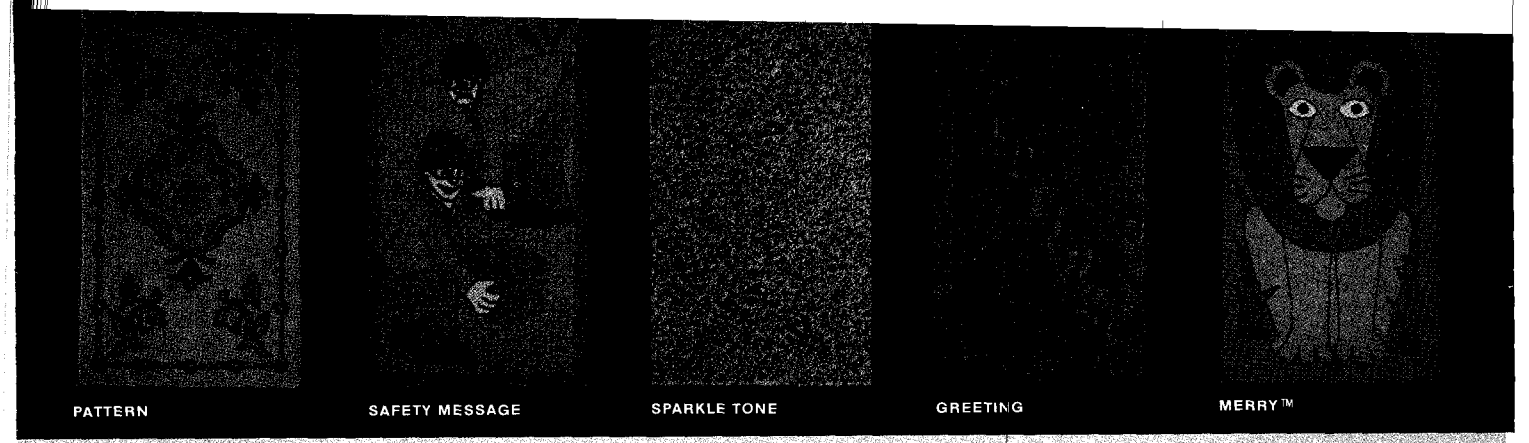

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